

SCREENLAND

EMBER, 1925

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MARION DAVIES, Colorgraph by Paul A. Hesse

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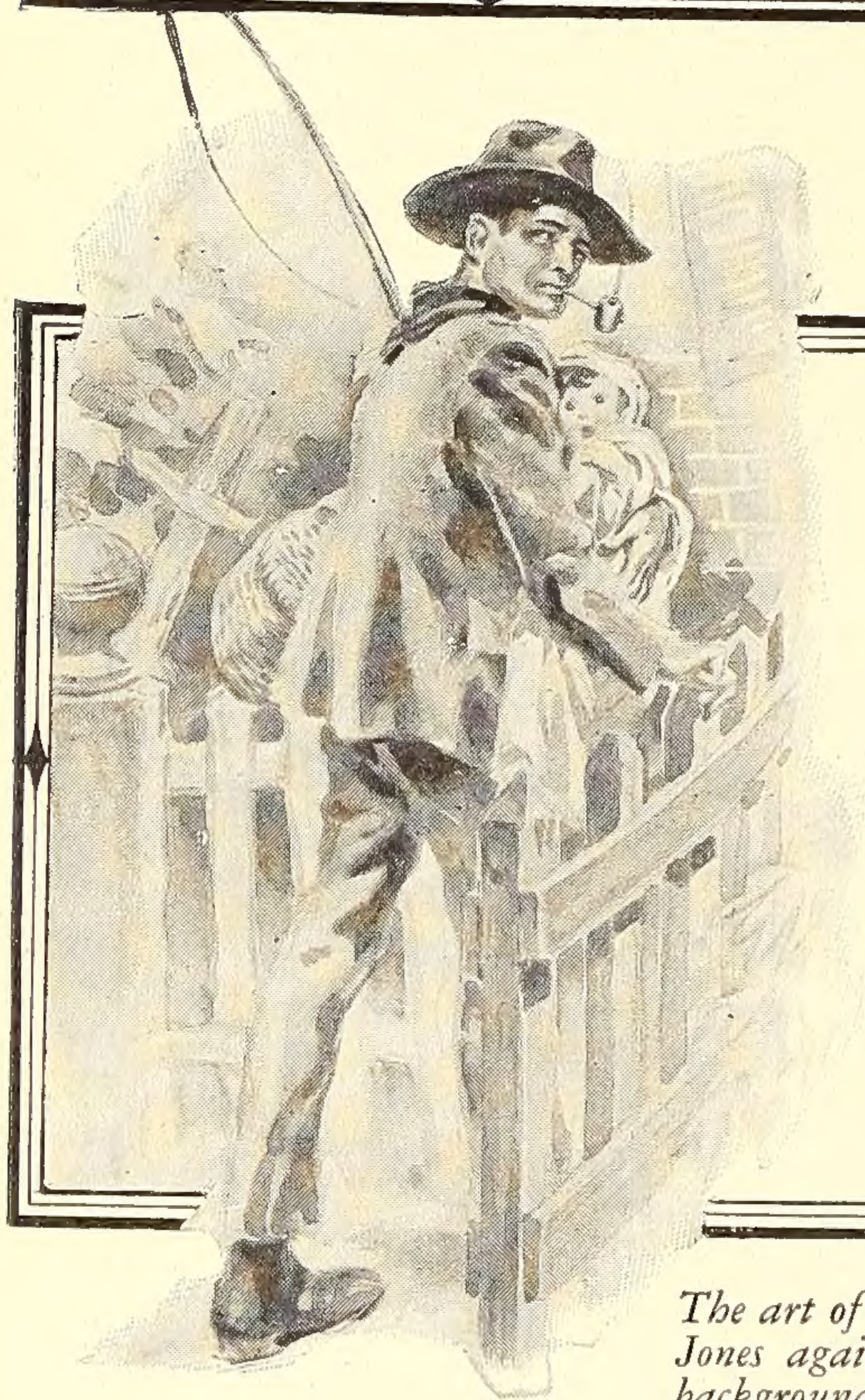
George O'Brien
in

THE FIGHTING HEART

JOHN FORD, who made "The Iron Horse," directed this picture from Larry Evans' "Once to Every Man" ~ the story of a young country boy's resolution in conflict with the Gay White Way. Clean-cut George O'Brien has the star role, supported by Billie Dove, J. Farrell MacDonald and other skilled players.



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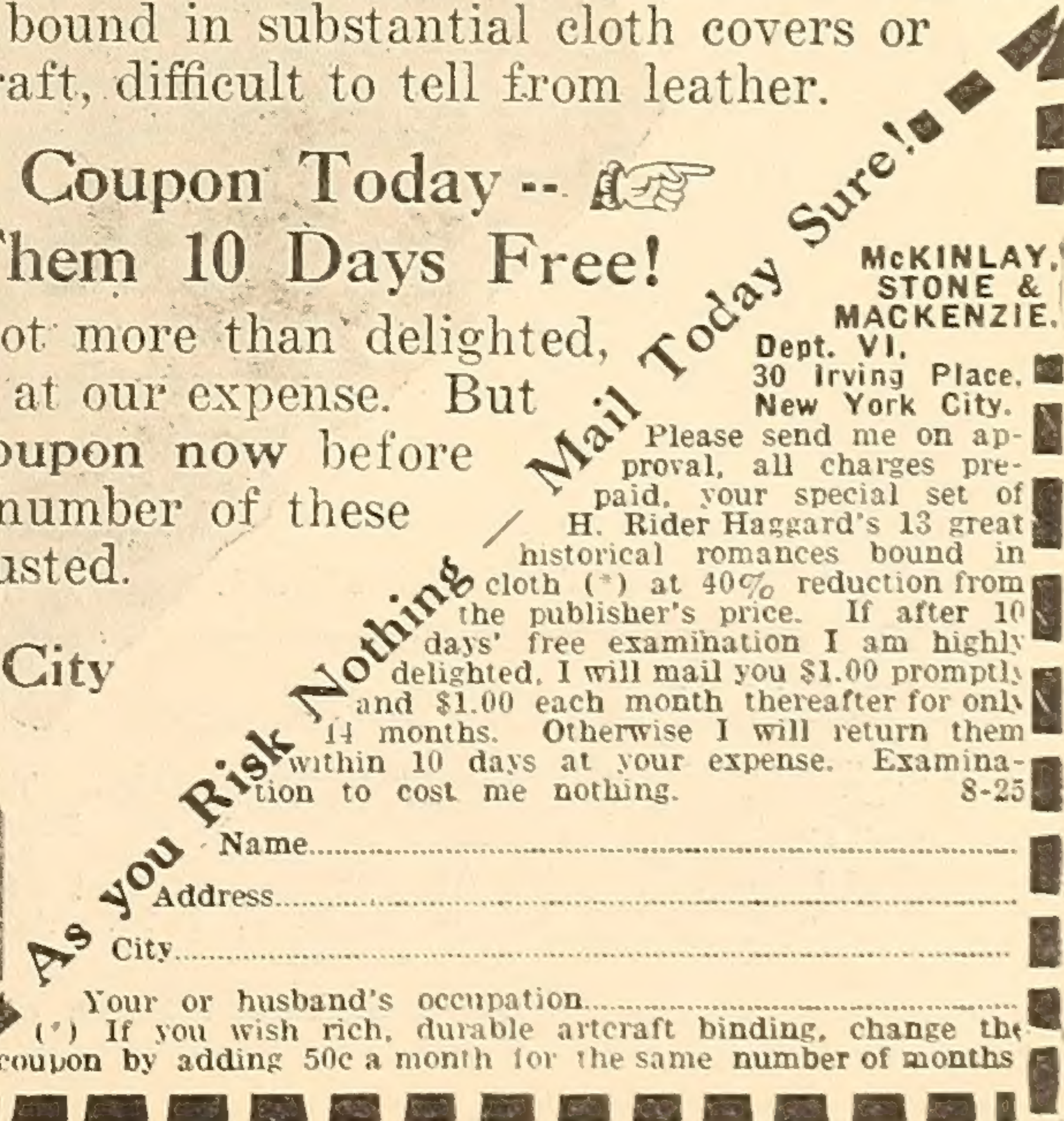
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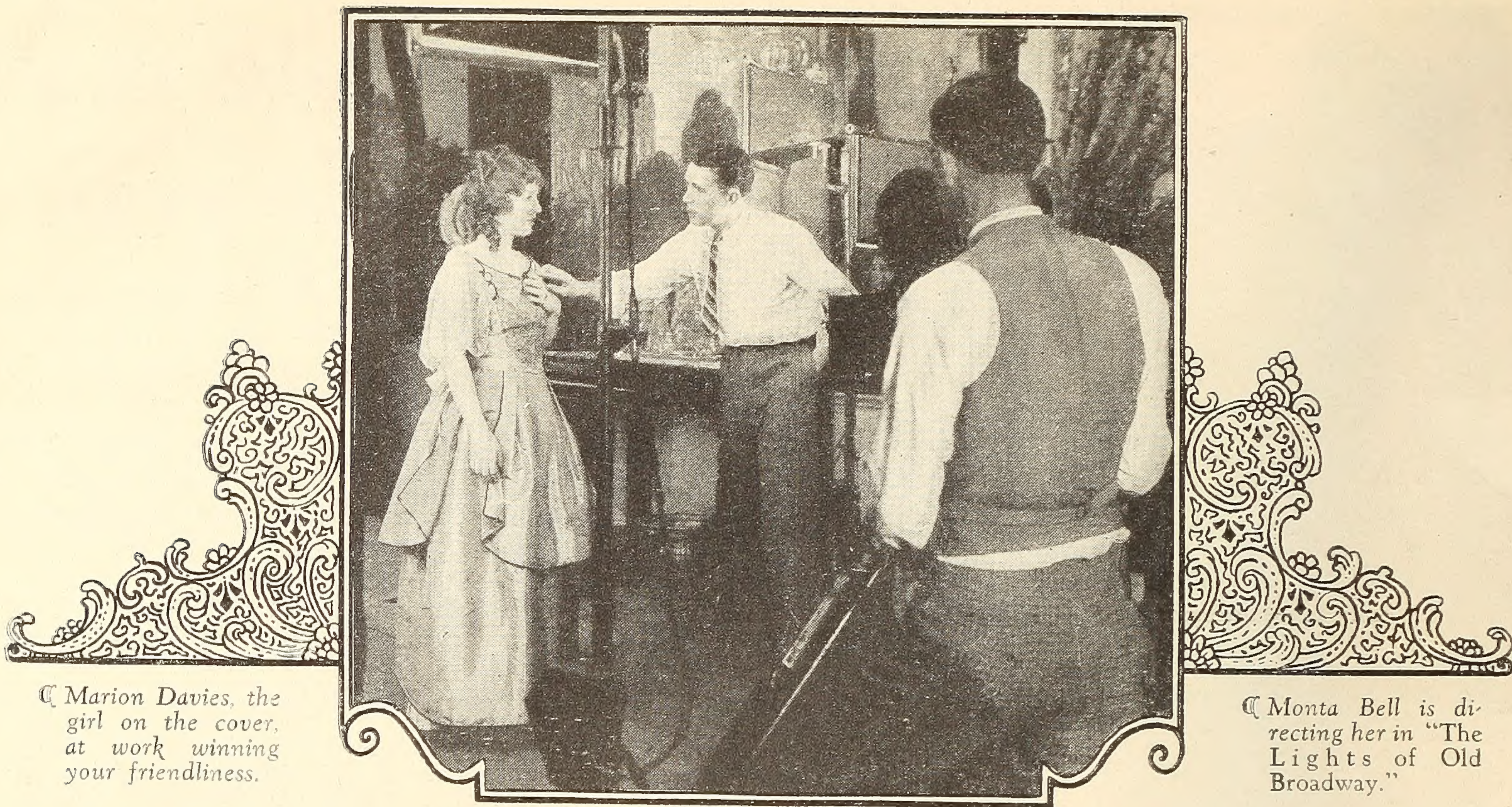
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☞ Monta Bell is directing her in "The Lights of Old Broadway."

SCREENLAND

September, 1925

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XI, No. 5

Eliot Keen, Editor

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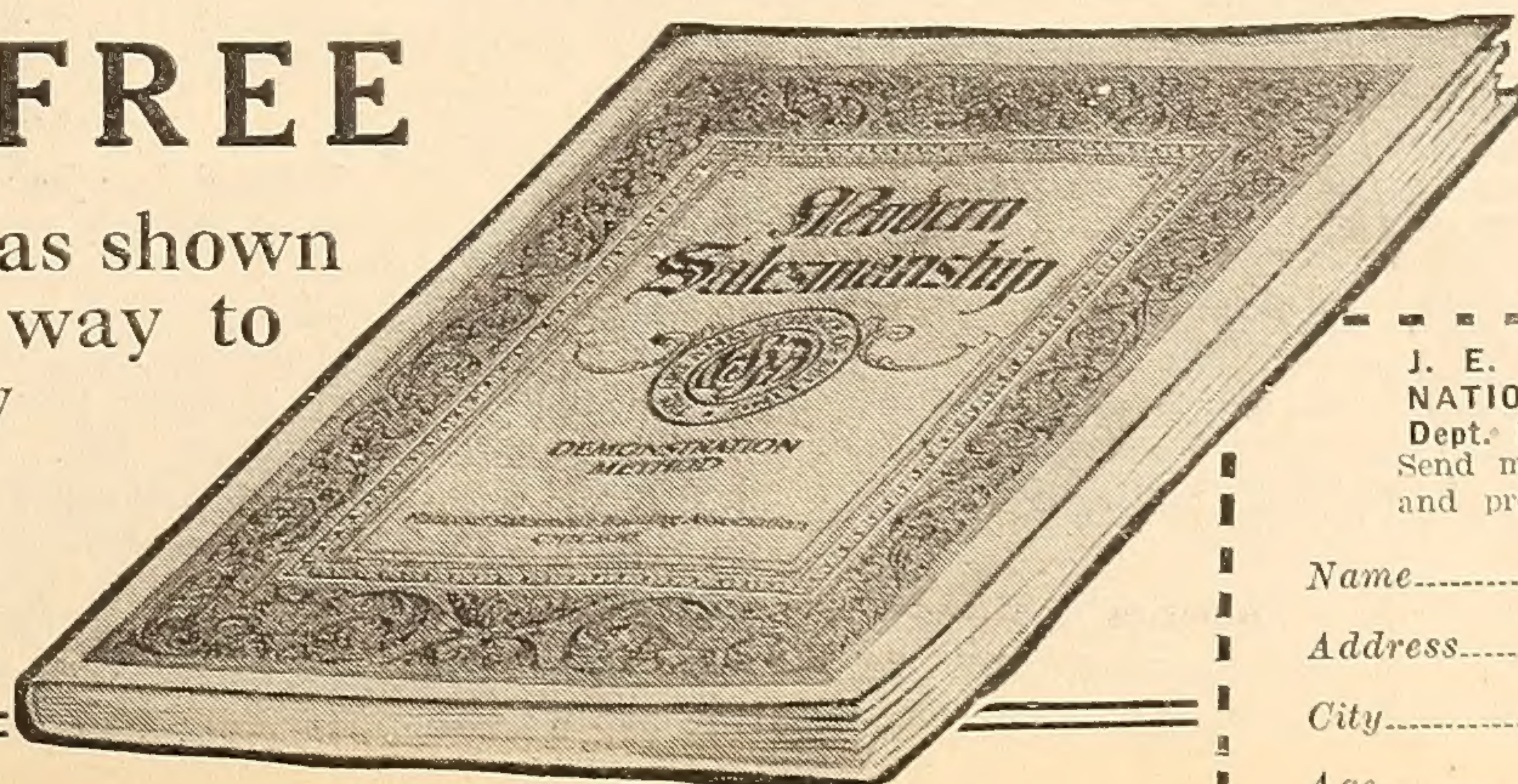
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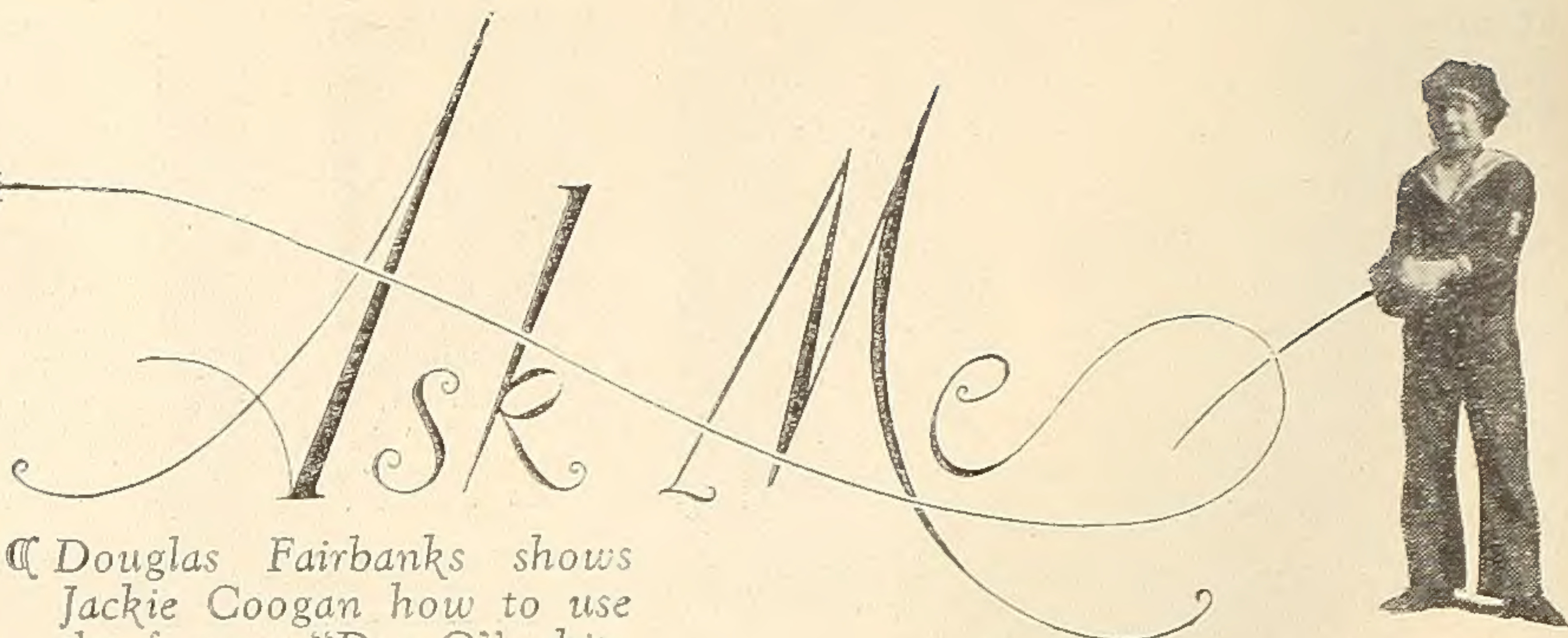
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Q Douglas Fairbanks shows Jackie Coogan how to use the famous "Don Q" whip.



An Answer Page of Information.
Address: Miss VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th St.,
New York City.

Gus F. Color-photography, as applied to the movies, is yet in its infancy, Gus. There are many things against it, the principle one being that it is an extremely expensive process. A French company has just made "The Revolt of the Marionette" here in New York, starring Hope Hampton and Otto Kruger, the well-known legitimate actor. Mr. Kruger told me that after a strenuous day on the set he spent four hours at his oculist's with painful eye-strain, because the Kleigs were trebled in strength. From all accounts this picture will be beautiful. Costumes, Miss Hampton's marvellous natural coloring (which the movies unfortunately have not hitherto shown) and the amazing sets will all be a delight to the eye.

Billy (Glenbrook). Mary Hay has made such a success as a dancer that she wants to continue with her career. Just now she's showing Paris how. Harrison Ford is not married these days. George Duryea, being a well-known double, is greatly in demand: he is free-lancing. I know you must have enjoyed meeting the players during the filming of "Janice Meredith."

K. Idella. Where, oh where does all the pink paper come from? There seems to be an epidemic of hectic-colored *billets-doux* in my mail these days. Ann Little makes only periodical appearances on the screen but it's rumored she'll appear in vaudeville shortly.

Marguerite C. I'm not a man, Meg; only a lone female! Richard Dix hasn't mentioned his preference for auburn-haired "janes" as you put it, but then Richard is a bashful fellow, and who knows, perhaps he has an auburn-haired-girl-complex. I ask you, who knows?

Raney. You tell me you are glad that at last there is an "Answerman" who is a woman, because a fellow feels he can write to a woman better than to a man. Now, Raney, I just know you're Irish. Go along with your blarney!

Edith. Is that nice, asking my age and all? I'm more than fourteen anyway. If you are going to keep up a steady correspondence with me, it's in ink you must write. I missed a perfectly nice luncheon engagement trying to read your pencilled note. Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, the decidedly clever and attractive scenario writer.

Inez of Iowa. Ben Lyon has issued an ultimatum—for every photo he sends out he must receive one from a fan in return. So, if you want Ben's classic profile, send along your latest picture. Address him at First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

Dotty (Cleveland). Lloyd Hughes is under contract to First National and is making pictures right along. He is now work-

ing on "Peacock Feathers." Betty Bronson is seventeen. Colleen Moore was born in 1902 and is five feet three. Neil Hamilton's latest is "The Street of Forgotten Men."

F. H. (St. Louis). You should address the stars at the various studios where they work. A quarter is the usual sum sent to cover postage.

E. M. (Aurora, Ill.). Glad to hear from you, and I believe in taking a chance sometimes too. Norman Kerry is in his thirties. He is six feet two and weighs 180; dark hair and hazel eyes. Mary Philbin is eighteen and weighs 115 lbs; height five three.

Dog-fancier. Balto, the hero of the race to Nome, is now an Educational star, and bids fair to continue out-distancing any bow-wow of his class.

H. Forbes (St. Louis, Mo.) Rupert Hughes is married to Dial Patterson. Blanche Sweet is Mrs. Mickey Neilan. Arthur Hammerstein married Dorothy Dalton. Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo and has two children. Neely Edwards, who was born in Delphos, O., has appeared with Blanche Ring and in Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics" on the speaking stage. Leon Bary is both actor and director. He was born and educated in Paris, France, and has played with Rejane and Sarah Bernhardt, and with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." He was also in "Kismet" on the screen. Lillian Gish was star of "The White Sister," and Ronald Colman played opposite her. Bert Lytell played with Claire Windsor in "Son of the Sahara." Nita Naldi in "The Sainted Devil." Neil Hamilton was leading man in "Isn't Life Wonderful." Lionel Barrymore starred in "I Am the Man." "Find the Man" was a Warner Bros. production.

Rufus. Madge Bellamy plays the heroine and George O'Brien the hero in "The Iron Horse." Betty Compson was the star of "To Have and To Hold," with Bert Lytell as her leading man in this picture, which was released in 1922. You'll see Kenneth Harlan opposite Bebe Daniels in "The Crowded Hour."

Ala R. Virginia Brown Faire has not bobbed her hair to date, but May McAvoy has. What are you doing—betting about it?

Frank P. Bowen. I do not send photos of players; you must write direct for these. Address Mr. Williams care of Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood, enclosing 25 cents for postage.

Elsie Heck. Address Pola Negri at Famous-Players Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood. Dorothy Dalton has left the

screen for private life, for the time being at any rate. Priscilla Dean is touring the country with her picture "A Night in Cairo."

Crazy About Lloyd. Jack Pickford is in Europe at time of writing and I don't know what story he will do on his return. Lloyd Hughes, born in 1899, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150. Dark hair and gray eyes and married to Gloria Gray. Write him at First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

Anna Gambone. Why address me as Tom Mix? I assure you I don't resemble Tom either in size or bankroll. Besides, I wasn't born that way. Write Tom at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Amelia. Between you, me and the gatepost, 'Melia, it takes me all my time to keep track of Tony, without looking after his brothers and sisters (if any). Mr. Moreno's next picture will be "Mare Nostrum."

N. S. (Choate School, Conn.). No trouble, Nat, but direct reply is only sent when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. June Marlowe is seventeen and her best-known picture was "Trapped in the Snow Country" with Rin-Tin-Tin to save her. She is now working on "Below the Line," for Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood.

J. J. D. (Jersey City). Listen, Jack, I dream of "bursting into fame," some day myself, so there's two of us. What's fame anyway? Only last week I was in a little restaurant in the west-seventies and at the next table to me sat Olga Petrova. Not a soul, with the exception of my meal-ticket and myself, recognized her. If the beautiful Petrova had walked into any restaurant in New York eight years ago, wouldn't necks have stretched and eyes popped? But that's fame!

Tubby and Slick (Ky.). Are you? John Gilbert born in 1895. Write him to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Norma Talmadge is not yet thirty and hasn't any children, but spoils her sister Natalie's two boys instead. John Gilbert is working on "The Big Parade" with Renee Adoree after finishing the famous "Merry Widow," starring Mae Murray. Corinne Griffith is married and was born in 1897. Bebe Daniels starred in "Argentine Love." Let me hear from you again, old million-timers!

Virginia Sweger. Bobby Burns born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1878 and his address is 220 W. 42nd Street, New York. See reply to N. S.

Great John Gilbert Fan. See reply to Tubby and Slick. John was married to Leatrice Joy, but understand they are now divorced.

Jean Walter. Perhaps the reason Johnny Walker doesn't send you a photo is that he has been touring in vaudeville for the past few months. His next picture will be "Children of the Whirlwind" and his address is The Whitman Bennett Studios, 537 Riverside Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

D. F. May McAvoy's most recent picture is "Ben Hur," which has taken two years to make. She was born in New York in 1901 and is still single as far as I know. Address, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sam Friedman, Herman Wattelbaum, Morris Shatz, Isidore and Harry Kaplan, Louis Rosen. Can't supply you with Tom Mix's picture, boys; you'll have to write him direct. His address is Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

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Off the Lot

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Europe for a nice, quiet
time.

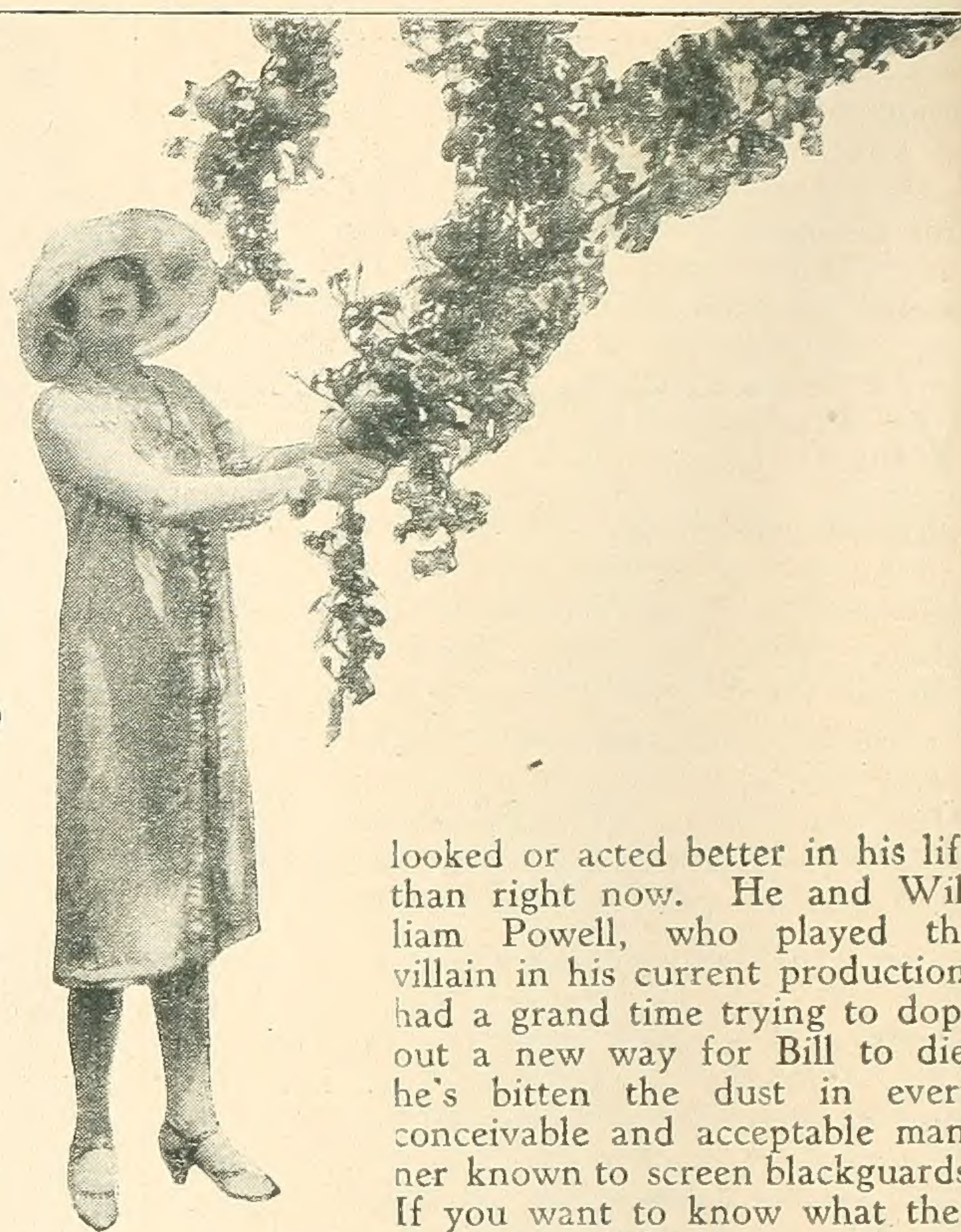
When she returned
with her husband, John Mc-
Cormick, and an eighty-five
pound St. Bernard puppy—
well, they said it was a puppy;
but we hate to think what it
will look like when it's grown
up—she announced that she had
never spent such a strenuous six
weeks in all her eventful life.

The McCormicks visited
France, England, and Ireland,
and shook more hands in Ireland
than any place. Perhaps that's
because Colleen is really as Irish
as her name. She says she kissed
the Blarney Stone, but as she
failed to bring back any pictorial record
of it, we don't believe her. While in Lon-
don, the little star conferred with Israel
Zangwill, author of Colleen's new picture,
We Moderns—and incidentally of any
number of other stories; and although Zang-
will has the reputation of being somewhat
fiery, apparently he was sufficiently soothed
by Colleen's charms to render her every
assistance and kindness. She was photo-
graphed by her movie cameraman against
historic British backgrounds, and these
scenes will be incorporated in *We Moderns*,
which is the tale of an English flapper.

After the round of sight-seeing and cere-
mony abroad, she was glad to get back to
the comparative peace and quiet of New
York; and gently but firmly refused to allow
First National to give a big welcome-home
party for her. Her own particular pals are
rejoicing in the choice French perfumes and
stockings she brought back; but they would
have been glad to see her anyway. Some-
thing about Colleen seems to inspire devo-
tion, with such proofs as the new three-
year contract with which First National just
presented her. It calls for twelve features,
the first to be *Irene*, from the musical com-
edy success.

LOOKS as if Dorothy Gish never would
be able to begin her own series of
pictures. Just as she finished work opposite
Dick Barthelmess in *The Beautiful City*,
Leon Errol and his company decided that
there was only one comedienne capable of
playing the leading feminine rôle in *Clothes
Make the Pirate*, Errol's initial stellar vehi-
cle. So Dorothy went right to work again
in some one's else company.

Sister Lillian begged her to come to Cali-
fornia to play the rôle of Musette in *La
Bohème*; but Dorothy had to refuse. And
with Jack Gilbert in the picture, too!
Mr. Barthelmess, by the way, never



Claire Windsor
donned a garden
frock and posed
beside her rambler
roses especially
for us.

looked or acted better in his life
than right now. He and Wil-
liam Powell, who played the
villain in his current production,
had a grand time trying to dope
out a new way for Bill to die;
he's bitten the dust in every
conceivable and acceptable man-
ner known to screen blackguards.
If you want to know what they
decided, you'll have to wait and
see the picture.

AS soon as Bebe Daniels fin-
ished *Lovers in Quarantine*,
much of which was filmed in
Bermuda, she dashed off to Cali-
fornia to do *Martinique*. Bebe
has made most of her recent
pictures in the East, and there

was much wailing and gnashing of teeth
when she was called west; for she's the pet
of the studio. Not even the other girls
will deny it!

STILL another beautiful Scandinavian has
come to our shores to try her luck in
pictures. The latest is Greta Garbo, who
arrived with her director, Mauritz Stiller,
to appear in films under the auspices of
Metro-Goldwyn.

PRETTY Peggy Joyce's pretty little sister
has a part in Ben Lyon's *The Pace
That Kills*. Her name is Lucille Upton.
And Peggy must approve of little sister's
going into pictures, or she wouldn't go.
Because when Lucille played a little part
once in a Broadway play, Peggy decided it
wasn't the kind of part a kid sister should
have, and promptly sent in Lucille's resig-
nation for her.

JOSEPH and Rudolph Schildkraut left New
York together for Hollywood, where
Joseph will play in Cecil de Mille's *Road
to Yesterday* and his father will play a
patriarch in *His People*, for Universal.
Joseph may have a slight reputation for
temperament, but after he has worked for
C. B., it will probably be shattered.

WHEN D. W. Griffith shot the first
scenes of his first picture for Para-
mount, *That Royle Girl*, there was a cele-
bration at the Long Island City studio.
James Kirkwood and Carol Dempster have
the leads.

If they threw their hats in the air over
the beginning of a new Griffith picture,
wonder what they'll do when Gilda Gray
starts work?

GLENN HUNTER held up the production of his latest, *The Pinch Hitter*—not because of temperament; but because the action of this baseball story required that he knock a home-run; and he's no Babe Ruth. But he finally made it. And he didn't say in the meantime, as he might have, "I'm a motion-picture actor, not a baseball player."

* * *

VIRGINIA and Carmelita found time hanging heavy on their hands, so they went off to Europe. The Misses Valli and Geraghty calmly ignored all picture offers and sailed to have a good time. But they may listen to the soft, sweet words of English producers who want them to appear in a picture while they're over there.

Carmelita, in case you have overlooked her, is a brilliant brunette of Spanish-Irish extraction. The "Irish" is Tom Geraghty, who writes most of Tommy Meighan's scenarios.

* * *

TOM MEIGHAN was shooting some night scenes at Sing Sing, by special permission. He and his gang had been working a while when they were startled by a plaintive voice from prisoners' row: "Say, if you guys don't keep quiet, I'm going to get out of here!"

* * *

CONSTANCE BENNETT came back to Manhattan to make a picture opposite Glenn Hunter. Although when she left she was as charming and attractive as she is now, she hadn't then attained the eminence of having parties given in her honor. Now, she's an important celluloid personage, and presided at a tea with all the poise of an established star. Though she's been in what New Yorkers love to think of as the wilds of California, she was dressed in a Fifth Avenue frock. Manhattan is where Constance happens to be at the time.

* * *

GILDA GRAY will probably make her screen debut as *Aloma of the South Seas*. According to report, Barbara La Marr very much wanted to play the tropical heroine of the Broadway stage success and her managers also aimed to get it for her. Gilbert Seldes, the critic, then employed by the La Marr company, was sent to view the entertainment with the purpose of commenting upon it as a future La Marr vehicle. He returned with the criticism that he couldn't "see" it at all. Sometime later the managerial gentlemen attended *Aloma* in person, and saw great possibilities in it as a picture for their star. But—and alas!—meanwhile the price of *Aloma*, first offered the managers for a modest sum, had soared to the skies, and in fact out of their reach. It is perhaps not necessary to add that Mr. Seldes isn't working for the La Marr company any more. Well, it's said he wasn't crazy about it, anyway.

Gilda, herself, the famous shimmy expert, will quiver for her equally palpitating audiences as the south-seas heroine, as her first stellar rôle for Famous Players, unless present plans miscarry. If she makes *Aloma*, she will do it in Florida where, at Miami, she has already danced into the hearts of the natives and tourists. Before she sailed for Europe with her husband, Gil Boag, for a well-earned vacation, Miss Gray entertained at luncheon. She looked far from the vivid creature she presents on the stage. She looked more like a school-girl in a simple sports sweater, low-heeled shoes, pleated skirt, felt hat, and absolutely no make-up—not a trace of it, or jewels, either.

She refuses to take herself in the least

seriously, this Polish girl from Milwaukee who made the shimmy dance a national institution. Her marriage to her manager, Mr. Boag, well-known New York cafe owner, was the climax of a thrilling career. The Boags are devoted, and as domestic as her career permits. She had just wound up a strenuous season dancing in picture theatres from coast to coast, and as a reward for being a good working girl, she was presented by her appreciative husband with a brand-new, shiny Rolls-Royce, with her initials on the door. Right now, the far-famed "Golden Girl" wants more than anything to be a success on the screen, and those who have seen her screen tests predict that she will be.

As a second vehicle for pictures, she will use *The Talk of the Town*, an original story especially written for her by Robert Sherwood, editor and film critic of "Life," and Bertram Block.

* * *

MR. and Mrs. Estelle Taylor, or, as they are sometimes called, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey, returned from a hectic sojourn in Europe, only too glad to be home again. Despite entertainment in their honor, they were home-sick all the time. And it was so cold, take it from them, that they were almost reduced to winter underwear. Jack is through with pictures, but Estelle isn't. Although she turned down an offer from UFA in Germany because it would interrupt her career as Mrs. Dempsey, Miss Taylor will soon be seen in pictures made in California. During their day in Manhattan before they dashed west, she found time to deny the rumors that she was trying to keep her husband from the ring. "I knew when I married him he was a boxer," she said, "and would always be. Fighting is his profession. I couldn't stop him if I wanted to—and I don't!"

Jack presented to his bride a shillalee he picked up over there, in case he ever tried to make a sparring partner of her. But it doesn't look as if that will ever happen, as all is serene and blissful in the Dempsey romance. Jack is saving his punches for his big battle a year from now.

* * *

HOPE HAMPTON is a busy girl these days. No sooner had she finished a two-reeler in natural color, *The Marionettes*, produced by her husband, Jules Brulatour, than she began work in the leading rôle of *The Unfair Sex*, at the Diamant Berger studio in Fort Lee, New Jersey.

But Hope, contending that all work and no play would make her a dull girl, if such a thing were possible, decided to give a party. She sent for her friends to come over to Fort Lee and when they got there, called it a day. There was a marimba "band" for dancing, and the stern studio was turned into a cafe. Even the director decided enough work had been done for a while, and put away his megaphone and joined the dance. Speaking of dancing, Hope herself is one of the star steppers on the celluloids. She has been taking dancing lessons twice a week since she was so high, and even now that she's in pictures, she lets nothing interfere with her terpsichorean duties.

* * *

HAVE you heard about Mary Pickford's new portable dressing room? It's one of Mary's most prized possessions. Reasons: it was left to Miss Pickford by the will of Madame Eleanora Duse, famous Italian actress, and was used by Duse on many stages on her farewell tour of this country. The dressing room came clear from Italy and is now serving the queen of the movies, as it served the queen of the stage.



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Mae Busch
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And many more

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Pictures are made in the vast
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Studios in Culver City, Cal.*

DON'T miss "THE UNHOLY THREE", featuring Lon Chaney, with Mae Busch and Matt Moore. Directed by Tod Browning.

Lon Chaney rings the bell again—this time as a ventriloquist in a dime museum, who recruits the Giant and Midget for an amazing career of intrigue and adventure. A swift-action story that holds you breathless from the first flash to the final fade-out—packed with suspense, thrills, violence, jealousy and *love*.

And this is only *one* of the fifty-two great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures to be released this coming year. The greatest galaxy of stars ever gathered together under the banner of one producer! Directors who know how to make a picture jump into throbbing life! A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture is always a sure-fire evening's entertainment. Watch for announcement of the releases.

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"Pictures with Personality"

To be shown starting this month:

A SLAVE OF FASHION—Norma Shearer's big starring vehicle, with Lew Cody. Hobart Henley, the director. Samuel Shipman, the author. **ROMOLA**—Lillian Gish stars. Dorothy Gish featured. Henry King, the director. George Eliot's classic novel. An Inspiration Picture (Chas. H. Duell, Pres.). **NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**—A Cosmopolitan Production from Peter B. Kyne's best-seller, with a distinguished cast.

Following these productions will be many other outstanding Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photoplays, including "The Merry Widow" (directed by Von Stroheim), "Mare Nostrum" (Rex Ingram's successor to "The Four Horsemen"), "The Big Parade" (The "What Price Glory" of the screen), "Lights of Old New York" (A Cosmopolitan production, starring Marion Davies). Fifty-two productions in all will be presented under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner.

Screenland

SEPTEMBER, 1925

☞ There is a little girl on the Metro lot who has been in two pictures only but now has signed a long time golden contract. Congratulations,

Sally
O'Neill



☞ This is Sally Serious.

☞ And this is Sally out-to-walk.



☞ Sally O'Neill turns a fish float into a galleon of treasure when she climbs aboard.



TOM WHITE

Guardian of the Screen

☞ At the Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Hollywood Fate sits and judges. His canny eye sees through the veneer of appearances to the soul that is in you, and always he is generous and always kind.





Malcolm McGregor
Olive Borden

T "There is no love in all the world that I have not loved you with."
... When a rose petal of poesy blows across the screen how
welcome it is! In the Vitagraph picture from A. S. M. Hut-
chinson's "THE HAPPY WARRIOR" there is much idyllic charm.



Claire Windsor

As Mrs. Bert Lytell she's displaying her husband's wedding gift to her. Miss Windsor has just completed "THE WHITE DESERT."





Photograph by James N. Doolittle

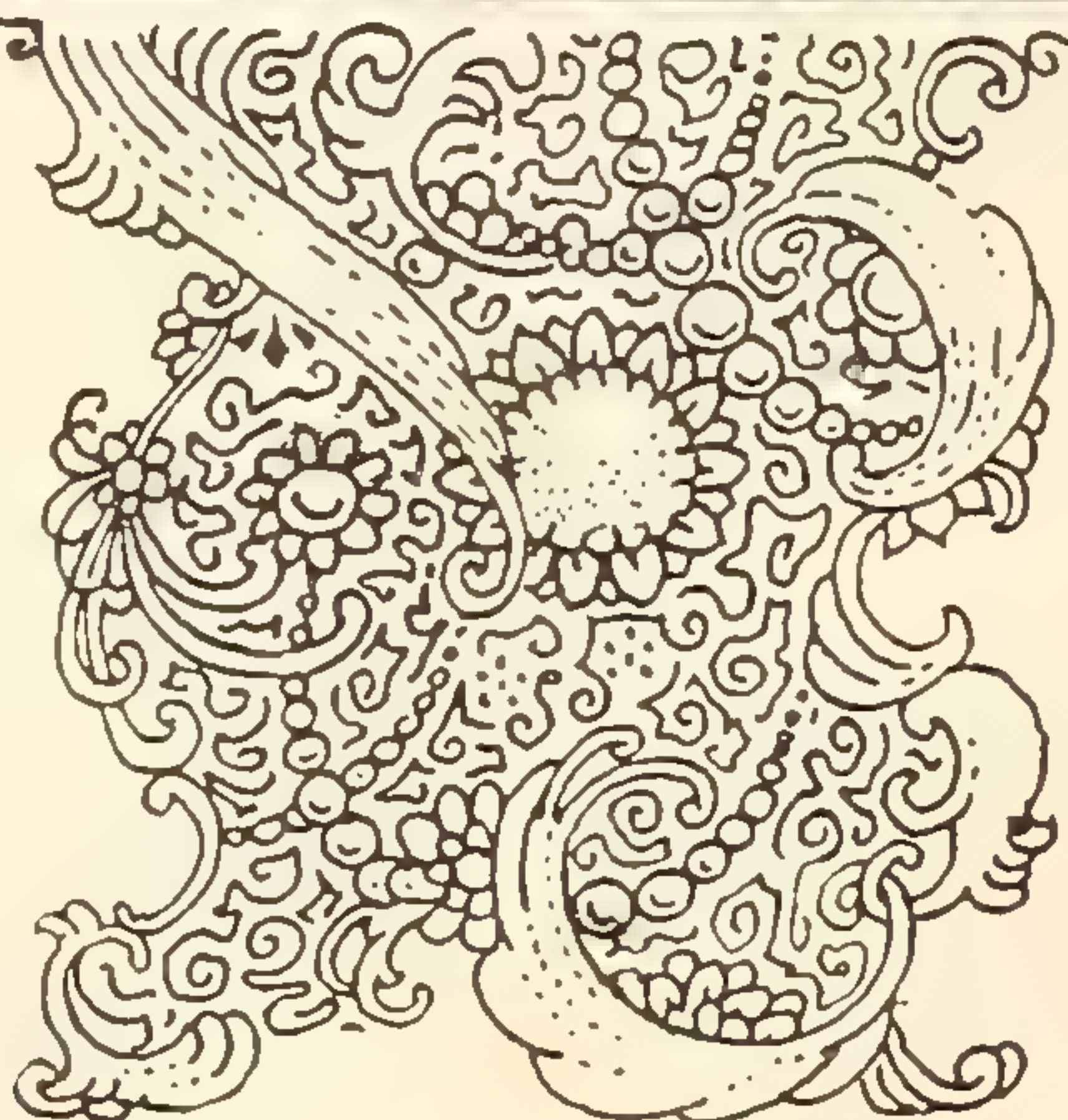
A new-comer into the field who brings, at least, a most adorable nose, beautiful eyes and hair. First National have just signed Miss Compton and her first picture will be "JOSEPH GREER AND HIS DAUGHTER."

Joyce Compton





© Buster Collier, Jr.,
plays the part of
the Prodigal Son.



The most beautiful "still" of the month
from

"The Wanderer"

. . . And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

—LUKE 15, 13.

SCREENLAND'S EDITORIAL COMMENT

I've Got An Idea!

IT is the magic phrase of modern times; it opens the doors of guarded sanctums; it arrests the attention of the masses and gains the ears of the masters of art and the builders of business. . . ¶ Ideas are the priceless boon to mankind from a loving God. They are the hope of the youthful. Armed with an idea the least person may become the most masterful. . . ¶ In motion pictures every sort of an idea finds a waiting market. Since the day when the Reverend Hannibal Goodwin had the idea of a flexible material not soluble in water, your movies have been growing, one idea at a time. . . ¶ To-day we have more new ideas. The gyroscope is enabling the directors to move the camera with the action, and thus to put more realism in pictures. Such intangible thoughts as new tricks of lighting are being originated. A single source of light produces an artistic and dramatic effect, and this idea is taking its place. These modern ideas were recently used by clever Monta Bell in "Pretty Ladies." . . ¶ "I have an idea." . . ¶ A wonderful phrase and never more wonderful than when it announces an advance in screening Art which is beauty and Truth which is life.



When *New York's* FOUR

There is a beautiful but little known movie theatre which is patronized exclusively by society.



Blanche Mehaffey, impersonating the society debutante who drops into her favorite movie house to worship the film heroes on her way to the Ritz for tea.

The Plaza, a moving picture house of luxurious appointments which belie the unpretentious Fifty-Ninth Street entrance.

LONG, low motors purred up to the curb. Immaculate footmen sprang out to open monogrammed doors and deposit costly cargoes on the sidewalk. Sable cloaks brushed gold brocades. Diamonds flashed, and pearls would have if they could. Little slippers of silver or satin danced beside glossy patent leathers. The smartest, the smoothest of bobs; careful coiffures of snowy white; the most minutely marcelled of shingles—all shone under the electric lights. Soft

voices called gay greetings as the people poured into the brightly beckoning lobby.

A gala night at the Opera? Guess again!

Just a few of New York's fabled 400 going to the movies.

It may be in February, when the fabulous four hundred find time to live in their town houses for a little while. "The season" is in full swing. Manhattan's first families—and even the last, and those in between—are inspired

HUNDRED Goes to the Movies

By Delight Evans



to sparkle socially. They boast boxes in the Diamond Horse-shoe at the "Met." They subscribe to the concerts. They dash to the first-nights of the new plays. They entertain in their palaces or their apartments opposite the Park, on broad Park Avenue, or on the way to the East River—whither they have wandered with purposes social rather than suicidal. They dine, they dance, or so I have been told. They introduce fresh "buds" to their waiting world. But this particular evening, take it from me, they went to the movies.

☞ Yakima Canutt, the new "Western" player, is welcomed at the society movie house.

The several thousand members of Manhattan's Four Hundred are the greatest movie fans on earth. They love the movies for themselves alone. They don't go to a movie theatre to hear the overture; or the plump soprano struggling through an aria only to emerge in a flurry of apology and perspiration—and no applause. They don't go to watch marionettes at a minuet. They don't, in other words, demand trimmings with their movies; in fact, they take their movies straight. When they want music, they remember the Metropolitan. When they want dancing, there's Pavlova, and, and — Powers' Elephants at the Hipp. But when they want movies — they go to get 'em.

Any time you are at the Metropolitan and don't know what to do, look around at some of the empty boxes. You've visualized their subscribers at Sherry's, I suppose, or somewhere like that. But you're probably wrong. The Plaza Theatre, a movie house at Madison Avenue and 59th Street, is presenting the latest Tom Mix feature, to the most aristocratic audience in the world.

THE Plaza can point with pride, if it cared to, to distinguished and gilded guests; but if it did, it might scare them away. It can boast a classy clientele four out of seven evenings a week.

Has it platinum-embossed orchestra chairs? Does it serve champagne between reels? Does it offer diamond-

☞ Tom Mix and Tony who, in dashing manner, has captured the fancies of the flappers of the younger set.

☞ It is not unusual for a millionaire who desires to add "Peter, the Great" to his kennels to enquire of the Plaza house manager where he may see the owner of the dog-star. Millionaire or country boy, we are all alike in our love for the screen pets.

studded programs? No. Movies, that's all.

For four or five years now, the Plaza has been entertaining the rich and famous of New York with its pictures. It doesn't make a point, as do the huge Broadway picture houses, of offering "first runs." It picks its pictures for their entertainment quality; and its audiences believe that what plays the

(Continued on page 92)

The Making of MOANA

¶ *Flaherty is the greatest of all camera explorers. He gave us Nanook of the North, and now Moana.*

By Gayne Dexter

IN the village of Safune on the island of Savii, the chiefs sit smoking, sipping their kava, sometimes talking in deep rhythm, sometimes content to listen to the toss of wind through "feather-dusters"—for palm-clumps swaying at the top of slender, sloping trunks are like nothing else. Voices weave through the huts; a child cries; one woman scolds, another laughs. Silhouetted where the beach slips into the unbroken indigo of sea, figures drift slowly. The young men and girls miss young Tevesi. He sailed and did not return. They wonder after him, out to the edge of the stars. The wives in the huts speak of *Falangisesi*; she has gone with her three children. And *Lopati*'s voice is no longer heard among the chiefs, though they rarely understood what he said anyhow. But for two years he sat beside them as no white man ever did before—*Lopati* with ruddy cheeks that scarcely tanned but bleached to the death-color once when a tropical illness struck him down. *Lopati* of the stature like their own—broad, not gigantic, and with light hair growing white by age and wisdom.

Where did the ship take *Lopati*, *Falangisesi* and *Tevesi*, who was *Lopati*'s brother? The caves in which they worked their miracles are empty. No one goes there by day, and who would dare by night? Their hut is empty, too.

It would be good to greet them once more: "Talofa, talofa!"

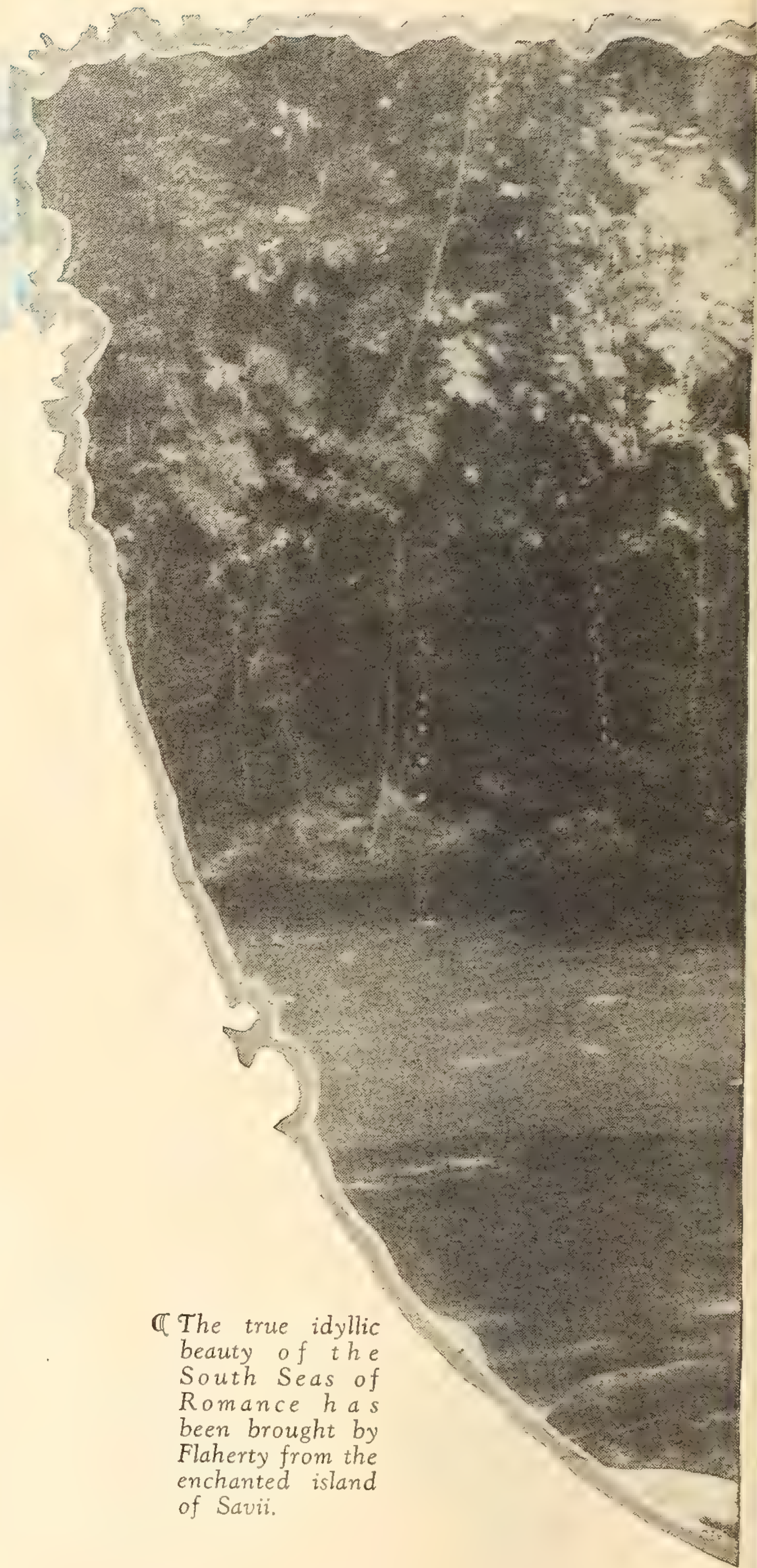
Ten thousand miles from Safune I met these *papa-langis*, these whites, in an apartment on East Sixty-third Street, New York, slapbang against civilization, surely! The mutter of Madison and Fifth Avenues reached in. *Lopati* sat in shirt-sleeves reading a manuscript, while *Falangisesi*, his wife, darned a sock. I heard *Tevesi* speaking on the telephone in another room. By and by he entered chuckling.

"That was Frederick O'Brien on the telephone. He wanted to know the address of that place where we got the——" Enforcement agents might have enquired also. The day had been dead hot, the wet oppression of this

afternoon excused any man's thirst. For a moment or two before *Tevesi* went out to tell O'Brien the magic pass-word and show him where to use it, the trio was complete. Who were they?

At least one is known to everybody who saw "Nanook of the North." *Lopati* produced that picture, and until he went to Savii to create another equally as fine he was Robert J. Flaherty, arctic explorer; but Samoans changed his name just as they called Frances Hubbard Flaherty *Falangisesi* and David Flaherty *Tevesi*. After living two years with the Samoans, living almost "native,"

¶ *The true idyllic beauty of the South Seas of Romance has been brought by Flaherty from the enchanted island of Savii.*



of the South Seas



to screen the island saga, they have brought back "*Moana of the South Seas*."

-Their own story never may be written fully because they do not tell it that way. Bit by bit, first man, then woman — that's how the tale developed; and comparing these two with what they told me and what they have pictured for you, the Flahertys are easily understood. They are not born fictionists, not novelists; they do not imagine. Instead they probe.

So they explored the eskimo until they felt Nanook's drama like a throb of the earth, and the islander until Moana's romance came with the chant and roll of tom-toms through the groves. What they find they weave. Mrs. Flaherty's needle point-

ed that impression. In-and-out, in-and-out — darning a sock.

Adventure started the hour they set sail from Apia for Savii, fifty-odd miles distant. Four tons of camera equipment were loaded aboard an auxiliary schooner.

Seas that had run heavily all the previous day had smoothed at dawn, and about Apia nothing more than an easy roll lifted. But mid-way the schooner caught it. Grey-beards washed from nose to poop, their spray plumed higher than the masts into torn black clouds. The ship stumbled into waves, climbed to ragged crests, her engine gasping, then skittered down. Flaherty's children of three, five and seven years lay in the scuppers. The mother stretched beside them, her arms grasping all three to save them from going overboard. Half-seen through splintering water the men fought to hold the equipment fast. . . .

"Frederick O'Brien, who wrote those great South Sea books, had lived in Safune," Flaherty related, still poring over his manuscript. "His hut was still there. We built a verandah around it and used it for our own. He had told us about two caves, in one of which was a cold running spring. We made that our laboratory and developed all our negative there. An Australian in the

employ of the New Zealand Government joined us as laboratory expert with two native boys to assist him, only those natives wouldn't stay in the cave — the dark-room — alone. They were so scared of devils that one boy, who was having trouble with his wife, locked her in and threatened to leave her there unless she promised to behave."

"He has skipped eight months of heartbreak." Mrs. Flaherty spoke more to herself than to me. She seemed to be thinking back. Her voice ran lower and slower than usual; for she clips words as I have heard Canadian women speak. Picture a tall woman with her hair bound by a single braid; imagine the ruggedness of a man chiselled down to clear-cut feminine features with the underlying spirit preserved; then partly you see Mrs. Flaherty. There's a hint of log-cabins and loneliness about her if you judge people from their screen counterparts.

"We understood the Eskimos," she said. "But these Samoans were new. They were picturesque, gentle people. Our children played with theirs. Dressed only in lava-lavas with their skin tanning up, very little distinguished white from brown. But between their men and women and ourselves lay something we could not grasp. Chiefs and their wives sat on our verandah. A native girl, Lia Lelei, granddaughter of Chief Sumanatafa who was Robert Louis Stevenson's friend, interpreted as best she could. We could see they were trying to tell us about themselves; they took us to their dances; if we travelled inland word went ahead and villages held festivities in which we seemed to share — though really we didn't. We stood on the fringe of things like our cameras, mechanically equipped to photograph people, palms, beaches, reefs, but not the living force beneath them. So for weeks and months the films we took were no better than those of a hundred other cinematographers. We destroyed them. At night we often sat staring hopelessly to sea, crushed by a sense of failure."

Simply the Flahertys were being born — or re-born — brown. They



Robert J. Flaherty and one of his three children who accompanied him to Samoa.



became Lopati, Falangisesi and Tevesi. They grew conscious of drama as Samoans know it — so fundamental a thing as the making of a man. It is manhood through pain.

Eventually they found Moana, a lad of eighteen, whom they had noted before only for his perfect physique, the pagan beauty of the fellow. Above his ear he wore a red hibiscus. He wanted a girl to marry — after he had become a man. Her name was Fa'angasi. The lava-lava around her loins

no more hid the free sweep of her limbs than the necklace of shells that Moana had fashioned concealed Fa'angasi's breasts.

Fa'angasi and Moana, real Samoans whose picturesque romance has been truthfully filmed by Mr. Flaherty.





☞ A typical island scene where the age-old life of the tropics breeds stalwart lovers.

ground potions and laid charms to keep devils from entering Moana's blood through the stinging needles. Outside the hut warriors danced and chanted to the throb of fighting-drums. Moana would

hear them; his courage would grow on songs that swelled in his ears so that the torture of his body seemed less.

Three weeks of the letting of blood. Three weeks of tattooing manhood into Moana, who would not whimper, although, lying there, his fingers locked with pain as if they never could be pried apart. His teeth sank deep into his lips.

It was Fa'angasi, with soft wonders in her eyes, who wiped the last blood away. Moana was a man.

That's drama! Government officials who sometimes sailed across from Apia called it savagery, but they also looked fishy-eyed at the Flahertys. To treat Samoans as human beings was not compatible with white dignity, at least not as the "brass hats" regarded dignity. Telling me of it, Flaherty growled.

In Tutuila I have seen natives bear their sick chief upon a litter, and climb eight miles down mountain tracks, through jungle — never resting — to the naval doctors at Pango. But I never saw a white man borne that way. Yet Flaherty, helpless with sickness contracted in a village inland, came down to Safune on native shoulders. And Chief Ta'avale ran beside the litter.

Stories that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Flaherty told were revealed in their albums of photographs. How were interior scenes taken? Well, one snapshot showed a hut sawn in halves for a studio, just as Nanook's igloo had been in the Arctic. Here were three white children and their native nurses. I'll swear no picture like that ever was taken before. This long stretch of groves and sea was the view Robert Louis Stevenson loved from the hills above Apia. And here's Fia Lelei, the



☞ The three Flaherty children were adopted by native nurses.

Their romance was not photographed scene by scene or arranged according to continuity. For another year the Flahertys stayed while that love developed. It grew into the lens as Moana grew into manhood, with that unforgettable climax when

he stretched his bare body out to be tattooed from the middle of his back to his calves. Manhood was cut into his flesh as a pattern handed down from his gods.

The artist bent over him not for one day but every day for three weeks working the design with needles of bone. His blood ran mingling with the dye. A gnarled mother wiped the stream away. Fa'angasi fanned him cool, whispering to him. In the hills a witch-woman

interpreter who has come back with the Flahertys — a native girl suddenly transplanted from Samoa to New York and loving it! Stories threaded through every photograph. And there were glimpses of that unforgettable Samoan beauty, Fa'angasi. Let me suggest that every star who has essayed a South Sea rôle should sit very humbly at that girl's feet and learn something.



Lois Moran

By Grace Frye

☞ Mother and daughter
—what an adventure
for a mother to have
a daughter like Lois!

*You will see Lois
Moran in "Stella
Dallas". In spite of
her youth she is one
of the best trained
actresses in
Hollywood.*



☞ Lois Moran rides to
the studio on her
wheel to keep her
dancing muscles in
the pink.



EYES have appetites. And just now the optical appetite of picture fans is demanding a more sensible diet. So director chefs are already spreading box office tables with an old-fashioned bill of fare that may go far toward promoting good health throughout the entire industry.

In other words, the spicy sensational picture, with its exaggerated, painted flappers, is being rapidly placed on the studio shelf. And a normal, rational picture is being served. Featuring a normal, sensible girl that is being termed the "unsophisticated type."

Which term is a misnomer. Because today a girl may be sophisticated, worldly wise, and yet be the physical and mental antithesis of the much exploited flapper type. Natural she must be. Not necessarily beautiful, but wholly unaffected in dress or manners, and, above all, lovable.

Lois Moran is an outstanding example. Although only sixteen, one could never term her unsophisticated as we have grown to use the word. For she is familiar with life in many countries and several languages. And because of this, not in spite of it, she has learned to place the right value on life.

☞ All fixed up
for Director
Henry King to
boss around.

IS READY



At home in the kitchen little Lois studies a different art.



Lois is, as Michael Arlen has said, "the Queen of ten thousand freckles."

It was really a delight to interview her. Or rather I should say *them*. For Lois Moran's mother has been, and is, an integral part of Lois' life in its every tense. And through this palship and supervision Lois, with discriminating logic, has been made to "look upon the wine of life when it was" read and translated for her.

"Lois is just finishing her morning gymnastics," welcomed this wise, bobbed-haired mother, looking not a day over twenty-five. "You see, we are just getting settled in our California bungalow. It seems wonderful, for we haven't had a chance in years to experiment in house-keeping because we have had to live abroad so long on account of Lois' education."

"Have you had difficulty in securing help?" I started circumspectly.

"Oh, we don't need any help," she laughed. "For this is just the opportunity I have been wanting so that Lois might learn something about home-making. And I tell her it is right in line with her usual good luck to have a modern, sunshiny place like this to learn in. You know there is nothing like this in Europe," and she sighed in contentment.

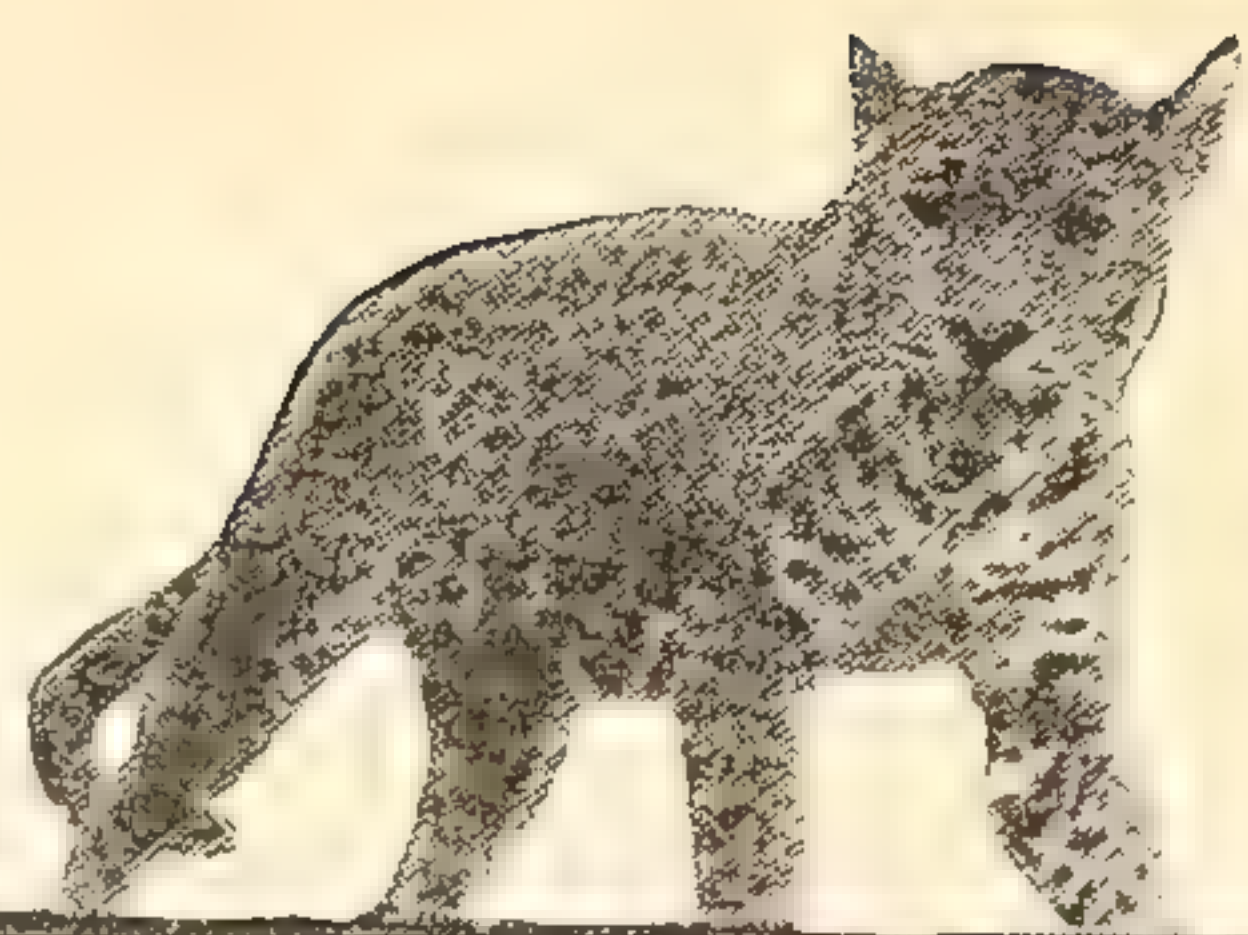
Truly the rest of the story might well be titled "The Luck of the Irish." So rightfully proud they seem of their Irish lineage and good fortune. Strange to relate, although Lois has been selected by Samuel Goldwyn to play the important part of Laurel in "Stella Dallas," there has been no

(Continued on page 82)

Lois Moran offers to the screen a piquant, youthful grace.



¶ It was not enough to have the red tongues of flames, the explosion of engines and the sinking of the ship—they also ran in a leopard, and a leopard with a dirty look at that!



If YOU want

¶ When the daily grind has all the snappy zest of a treadmill, when instead of the incense of applause your nose detects the touch of the grindstone, remember you can always turn foolish and go into the movies.

By Harold R. Hall

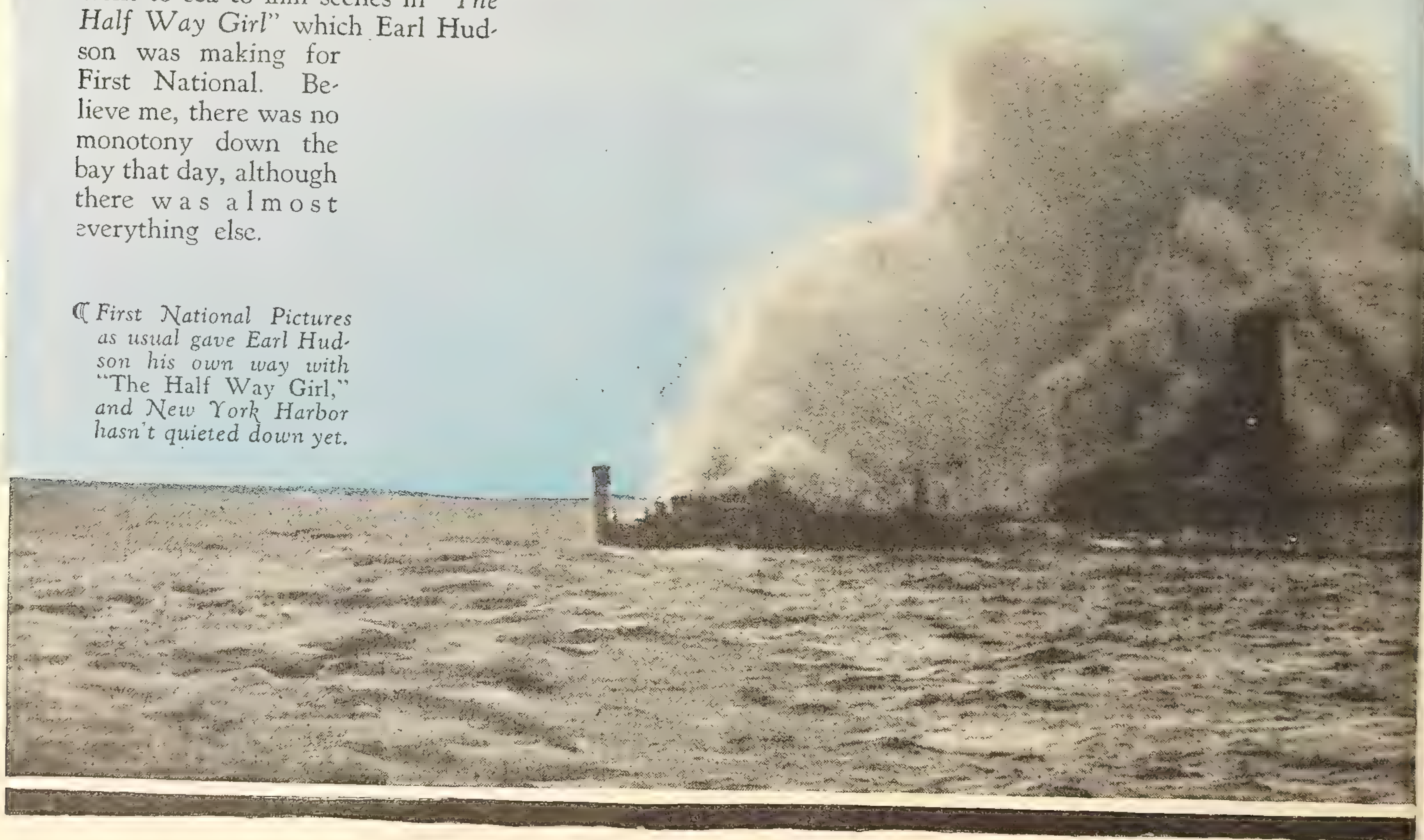
THE life of a movie star is not monotonous at any rate, and this, perhaps, is its greatest charm. There are wild and adventurous spirits in the movies willing to work hard and suffer discomforts because motion picture making is the one field of human endeavor that has never the day-after-day repetition which is the curse of so many lives.

If you have ever spitefully punched a time clock with the wish that it might explode and blow the entire works to Kingdom Come, if you have ever suspected that life was just the same thing over and over again, be of good heart—for there is an existence which has variety from morn 'till night with a special unexpected evening performance of something different!

The other day I went on location with Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, Hobart Bosworth, Sam Hardy, Director John Francis Dillon and a flock of "extras." We went to sea to film scenes in "The Half Way Girl" which Earl Hudson was making for First National. Believe me, there was no monotony down the bay that day, although there was almost everything else.

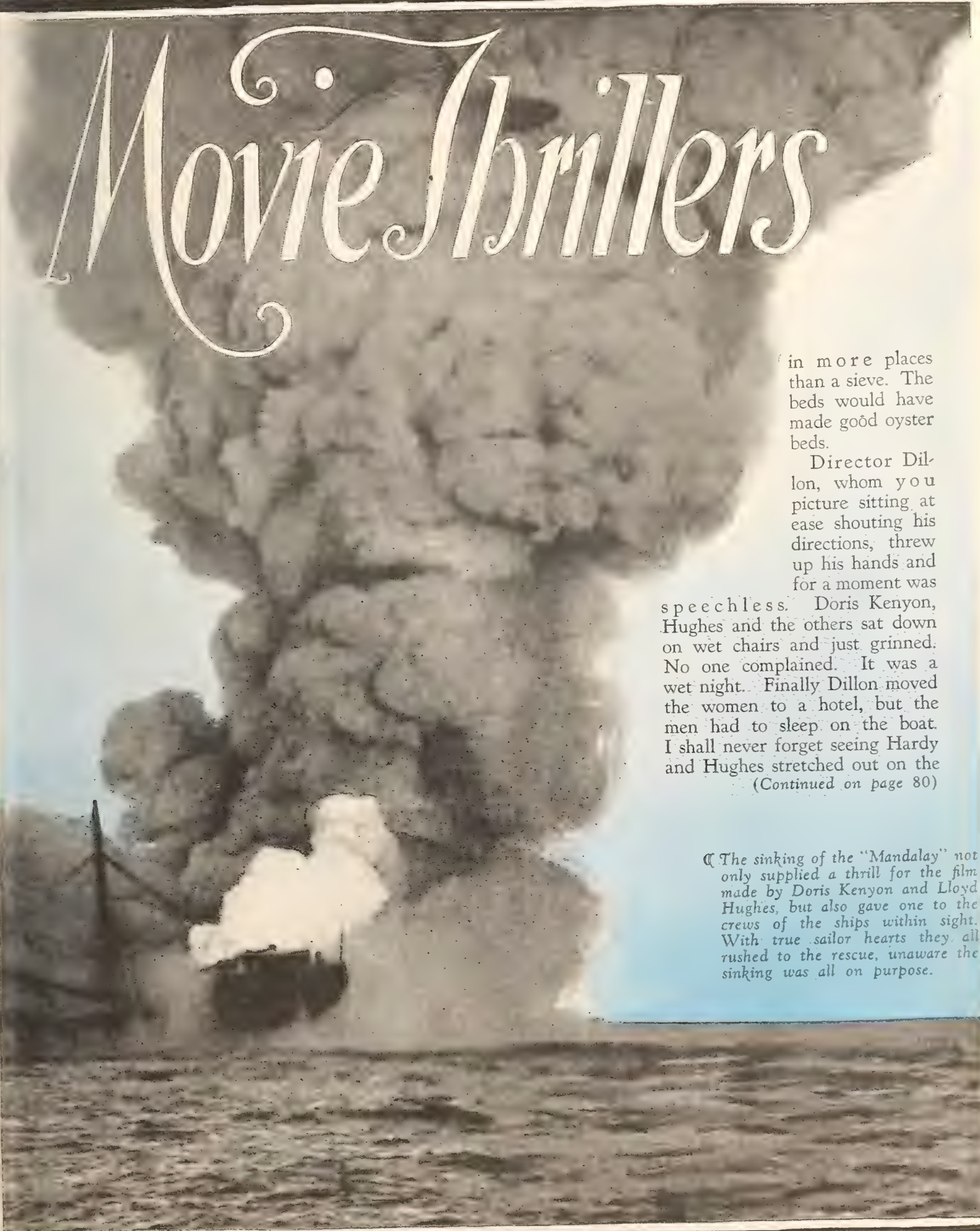
¶ First National Pictures as usual gave Earl Hudson his own way with "The Half Way Girl," and New York Harbor hasn't quieted down yet.

We made two starts before we finally got under way. The first was a nightmare. At nine-thirty one evening we reached the dock at Staten Island, New York, where our steamer lay. The rain was coming down in sheets as we picked our way over the dock. The steamer looked good to all of us. But when we stepped aboard every heart sank. It must have been a dry weather boat, for it leaked



VARIETY *try making*

Movie Thrillers



in more places than a sieve. The beds would have made good oyster beds.

Director Dillon, whom you picture sitting at ease shouting his directions, threw up his hands and for a moment was speechless. Doris Kenyon, Hughes and the others sat down on wet chairs and just grinned. No one complained. It was a wet night. Finally Dillon moved the women to a hotel, but the men had to sleep on the boat. I shall never forget seeing Hardy and Hughes stretched out on the
(Continued on page 80)

☞ The sinking of the "Mandalay" not only supplied a thrill for the film made by Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, but also gave one to the crews of the ships within sight. With true sailor hearts they all rushed to the rescue, unaware the sinking was all on purpose.

GATHERED from far and near, these aspirants for screen honors will be advised and directed in their climb by Tom Terriss, the well known director.

Eighteen GREAT

Through the courtesy of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation SCREENLAND has arranged for the story of the Paramount Picture School. The installments of this story will appear regularly so that you will be able to follow the dramatic development of these youngsters into finished screen players.



Charles Rogers



Irving Hartley



Claud Buchanan



Dorothy Nourse



Ethelda Kenvin



Harriett Krauth



Robert Andrews

A DREAM has come true for eighteen young men and women.

A long time ago a poet said, "There is a nick in Fortune's restless wheel for each man's good." On July 20th, the lucky eighteen clicked into their niches and started out to give Old Man Opportunity a real run for his money. On that date they were officially enrolled as students in the new Paramount Picture School and took their first instruction in the technique of screen acting.

Where did they come from, these fortunate boys and girls who unexpectedly found opportunity battering down their doors? What qualifications have they that give them the jump on over thirty thousand others who applied for admission to the school? What are they going to make of the Big Chance that has fallen into their laps?

Running down these questions for SCREENLAND, I had no difficulty in getting answers from Paramount officials on the first two. I spent hours at the big studio on Long Island and took the first steps toward friendship with the new pupils. I found out where they came from and what had been the big things in their lives up to this point, and what they are like in personalities and looks. But the third question — what will they make of themselves in the school? — is one that I can report on only month by month as they progress and develop whatever latent talent they may possess.

Numerically, the new class is unequally divided, there being ten of the fair sex and only eight of the sterner ditto; so no matter which sex you may champion, you can now settle down to a serious consid-

ADVENTURES

THE most exciting time in the lives of young persons is that day when they make their bid to be rich and famous. Here are eighteen gamblers with fate.

☞ The serial story of the training given these eighteen boys and girls, of their trials, their successes and their disappointments — will be interesting and exciting, and will be written each month.

By Bill Colling



Marian Harris



Josephine Dunn



La Verne Lindsay



Lorraine Eason

eration of the workings of fate, chance, opportunity, or what have you, without feeling that you're being discriminated against since ten to eight is about as good a ratio as the male sex ever gets. The youngest is a young lady of sixteen summers and an equal number of winters, and the oldest is a male Methusaleh of twenty-six years. The average age of the feminine contingent is nineteen.

When I met this group of potential film stars on the "first day of school," I was most impressed by the fact that they were just a bunch of nice, healthy, normal American boys and girls. They had just come back to the studio from their daily 8 to 9 A. M. class in horseback riding, and they burst into the attractively furnished school quarters at the Paramount studio laughing and chatting like a lot of young magpies.

First through the door was Josephine Dunn. That seems to be one of Miss Dunn's chief characteristics — being first in things. She is distinctly the "leader" type, with wide set blue eyes, a perky nose and a firmly modeled chin. Raised on a Colorado ranch, she has that indefinable air about her that suggests the wide open spaces; a hearty, wholesome handshake and a frank and comradely way of looking at you. About three years ago she moved with her parents to New York and did a little work in pictures as an extra. Being an accomplished dancer, she then secured an engagement in musical comedy on Broadway, tripping her way to success in "Good Morning, Dearie," "Stepping Stones" and "Kid Boots." Miss Dunn has lovely auburn hair, as becomes a daughter of Jack Luden



William Dillon

Charles Brokaw

(Cont'd on p. 71)

Second Hand



☞ Scene in the Wardrobe Department with the bargain-hunters hot on the chase.



☞ A happy picture-fan with her bundle which contains the very dress that Pola Negri wore when—

WELL, of course, lots of us could look like Pola or Gloria—or Betty Bronson—or Norma Shearer—or at any rate like Trixie Friganza—if we just had their clothes.

We see them, clad in misty chiffon, strolling in moonlit gardens—or, wrapped in Russian sables, stepping into luxurious limousines, we watch them, gorgeous in brocaded metal or silver lace, descending the double-width stairways never seen off a studio set. . . . Who couldn't be romantic, or emotional or dramatic in such garb?

We ask you!

What becomes of these aids to beauty and talent?

Nita Naldi never vamps one man in the same snaky gown she wears to charm another.

Far be it from Irene Rich to watch over the sacred hearthstone of her husband-in-this-picture in the same marabou-trimmed tea-gown that enhanced her domestic loveliness as the wife-in-that-

☞ Not only clothes of other years, but modern gowns as well are offered for sale. Esther Ralston in her 'Trouble with Wives' dress.



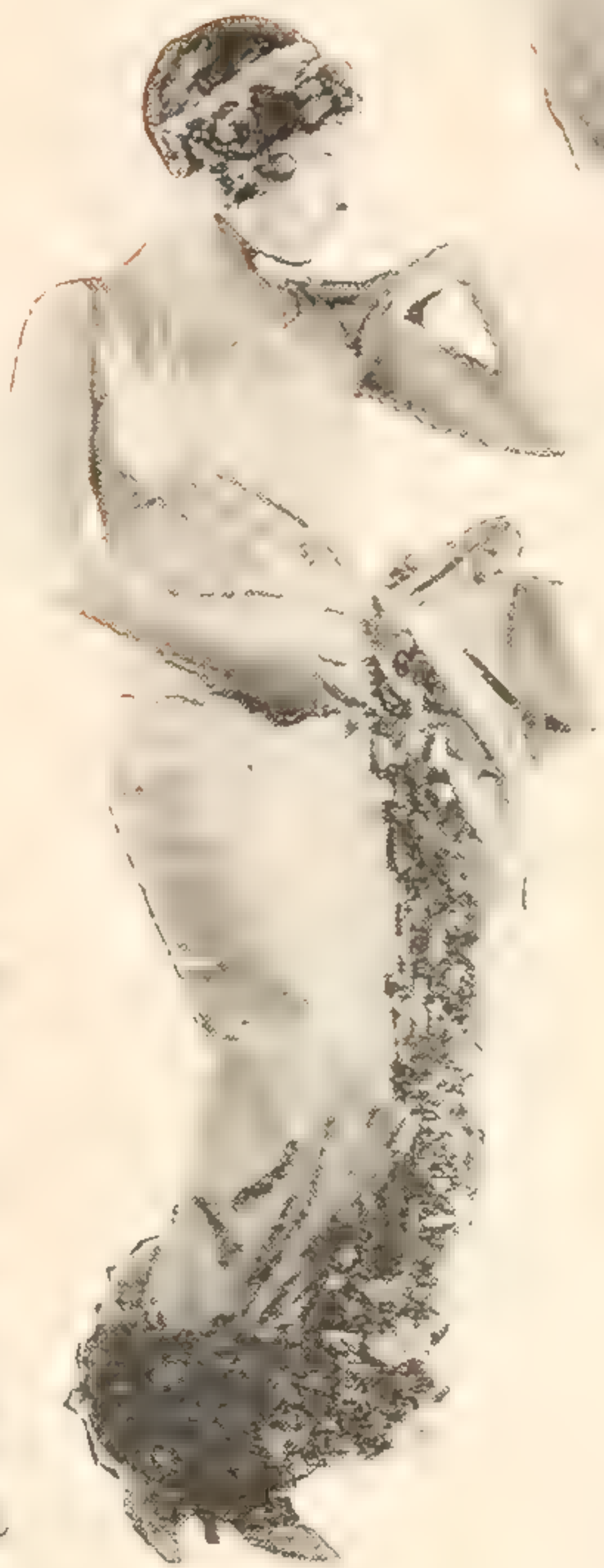
Glory

By Alice L Tildesley

The costumes made famous in gorgeous film productions are sold twice a year for as little as two dollars apiece.



Whoever gets this skirt which Lois Wilson wore in "North of 36" can easily make half a dozen tube dresses from it.



The famous gown of Gloria Swanson, which worn in "Manhandled" established her as an artist in wearing clothes.



This gown worn by Adalyn Mayer in "The Dressmaker from Paris" has reached the bargain counter.



The regal robes which Colleen Moore wore in "Sally" now will grace the courts of rural California.

subtracting) a train, drapery or girdle. A woman who plays a "bit" in another picture may fall heir to the rose-velvet, thus disguised, and after she has chaperoned the flapper (or tried to) or laughed at the comedian's jokes, and passed on out of the picture, it may be further altered for another "bit."

Presently the gown descends to the extra girls who form the "atmosphere" of most large productions.

And then?

Then we can have 'em!

Twice a year, at Lasky's Hollywood Studio, a small sign appears on the door of the building that houses the wardrobe department. It announces, briefly, that there will be a sale of clothes next morning.

No other advertising is done but the word-of-mouth-wireless works well. When the doors open, the crowd has begun to gather, and presently the long rooms where the sale goes on are more like a battlefield than anything else.

Hats and shoes worn by the heads and feet of stars are stacked on shelves on each side of the rooms, and down the center hang row upon row of coats, frocks and bathing suits, ensembles, negligees and sports togs in which Lois Wilson, Agnes Ayres and the rest have lived, loved, suffered and died on the screen.

Small cards attached to each garment by a humble safety pin record the name of the article, the price, and who wore it—the latter being usually the item looked at first.

"Would I dare wear it?" worries a stout woman, holding up a long, clinging georgette creation lavishly embroidered in color.

"The question is, could you?" amends her frank friend, with an appraising eye.

picture.

Pola's exotic beauty must be re-decked for each passionate adventure.

Then what do they do with their once-worn clothes?

Perhaps, if we've thought about it at all, we've imagined them laying the gowns away in lavender, to be brought out again when their wearers are old and gray to serve as story-tale fare for wide-eyed grandchildren.

But are they?

In the first place, the screen raiment usually doesn't belong to the star who wears it—or belongs to her temporarily only. It is the creation of the wardrobe department and Miss Star can wear it for the duration of the picture and for retakes and stills.

After that, the glorious gown of rose-velvet, jewel-trimmed, in which the duchess wheedled away the papers from the crafty king, returns to the creator, who takes off the more expensive bits, substituting brilliants for better stones, enamel pins for cameos, and adding (or

"But it was Pola Negri's! . . . I could just put a little chiffon or something in here and——"

"Betty Compson had these white shoes. You know I can wear a small size if I don't walk in them——"

"It says on here that Florence Vidor wore this evening wrap. It sure is swell! Of course I never go anywhere at night except maybe to the drugstore for something-or-other, but——"

"There's a lot of good velvet in that gown if the top is wore off, and I could make a sofa pillow out of it. Of course it's beaded and that makes it sort of scratchy for a pillow, but 'most anybody could stand being scratched by Leatrice Joy's beads!——"

"I don't know of anything I could use it for, and goodness knows it won't come anywheres near fitting me, but it was Betty Bronson's and I'd sort of like to have it around——"

"It's got a hole here. . . . But I remember seeing Gloria dragged around the room in this dress and I don't care. Here's where the fellow grabbed her and tore the sleeve clear off——"

"Listen, do you think I'd get to be awful devilish if I

WOULD you like to attend a studio wardrobe sale and buy some of the costumes which have served the great stars in their greatest parts?

SCREENLAND, next month, will offer you an opportunity to secure some of these souvenirs. The East Coast Studio of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has selected for SCREENLAND readers some famous things which, having been photographed in one film, cannot appear in another.

Would you like a Bebe Daniels Dress?

See the October SCREENLAND.

wore one of Pola's gowns? This was hers with all this feather business on it. Looks sort of like it had been in a chicken fight or something, but it's got lots of style——"

Style and material and sentiment—but, most of all, sentiment!—are the elements which govern the shoppers' selections.

The babble goes on and the bargain sale goes on with it.

"I had that first!"

"I beg your pardon, it's mine!"

"I came here expressly to get this——"

"Well, I'm in pictures and I——"

Extra girls trying to gather together a wardrobe, housewives who want materials for table runners and cushion tops

(all goods are of the finest and most expensive made)—getting hot, excited and maybe a bit wild-eyed as they seize a gray velvet, crystal-beaded evening gown marked at two dollars, a negligée of three thicknesses of chiffon in blue, peach and orchid, for \$5, or a slightly tarnished silver lace opera cape marked at three-fifty. . . .

Not altogether unattainable, then, the garb of a movie queen!

ALBERTINA RASCH

BALLERINA

☞ The story of the dancer who offers to SCREENLAND girls FREE four dance scholarships.

(See Page 88)

THE former prima ballerina of the New York and Chicago Opera companies, Albertina Rasch, recognized to-day as the creator of the "new American ballet," offers an opportunity to girls throughout the United States to secure ballet training under her skilled direction.

The Albertina Rasch Studios are now located in new quarters in the recently completed Steinway Hall on West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. In addition to training, each pupil is guaranteed a position on the stage, either in one of Miss Rasch's own companies or with other recognized Broadway managements.

Albertina Rasch was trained from early childhood in the European classic school of ballet; she achieved at fourteen the distinction of being the youngest Prima Ballerina ever to be officially appointed by the Royal Opera at Vienna. A few years later R. H. Burnside, the well-known New York producer, engaged her for his big Hippodrome spectacles.

Following this engagement she joined the Century Opera and the Chicago Opera, and later toured South America.

Since then she and her corps of dancers have appeared in numerous recitals at Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House, the Times Square Theatre and Town Hall; also outside New York.

Would you like such a life?



Photograph by Maurice Goldberger

☞ Albertina Rasch, through her art, has given pleasure to many thousands of dance lovers and now offers to give of her secrets to ambitious girls.

SUN CITY

FLORIDA'S LATEST PICTURE CITY

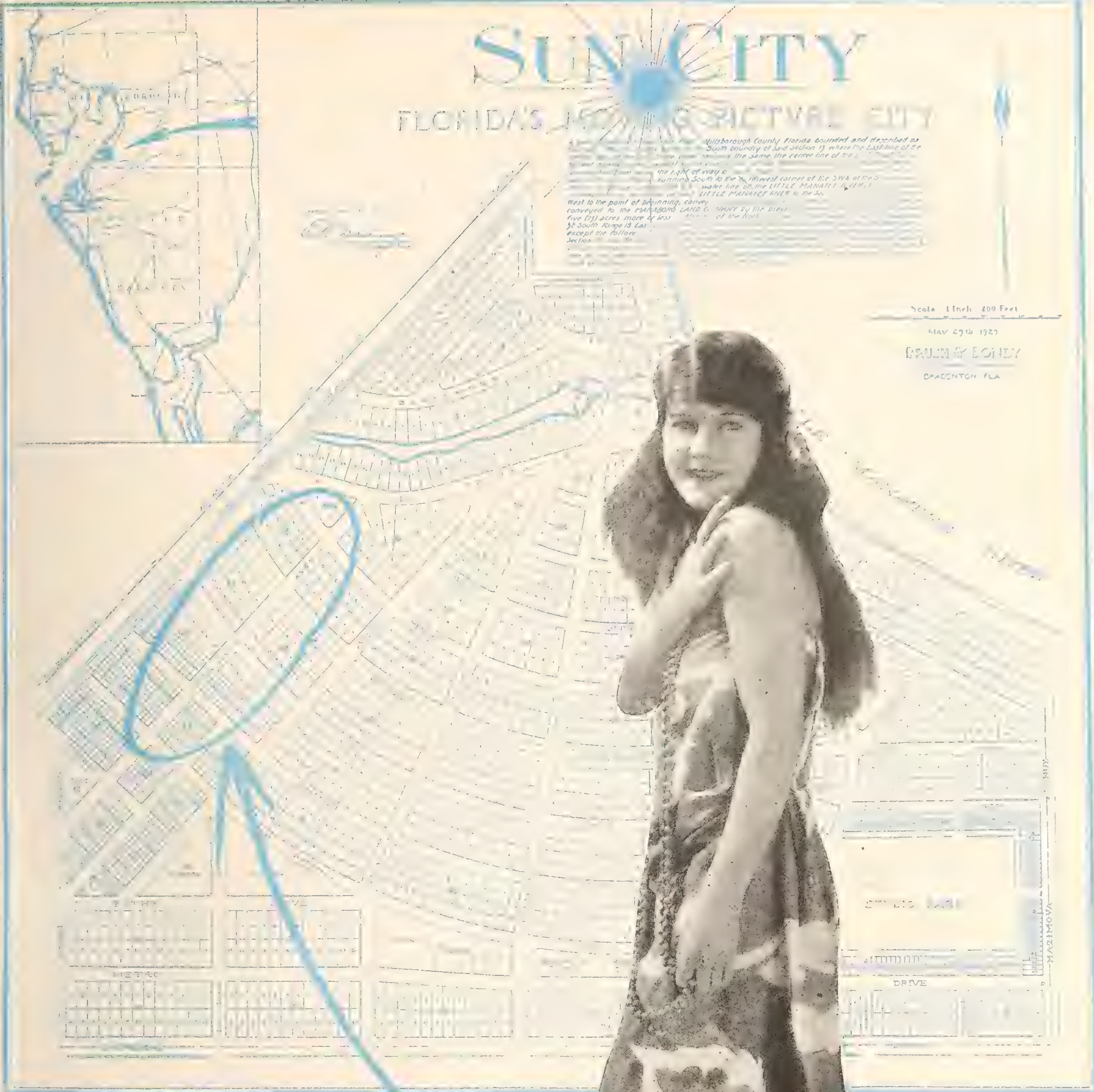
Willsborough County, Florida bounded and described as
 South boundary of said section 13 where the East line of the
 same is the same the center line of the
 the right of way of
 running South to the N.W. corner of the SW 1/4 of the
 water line of the LITTLE MANATEE RIVER,
 LITTLE MANATEE RIVER to the SW
 next to the point of beginning, convey
 conveyed to the MANABO LAND CO. by the deed
 five (5) acres more or less
 1/2 South Range 13 East
 except the 10/100
 Section

Scale 1 Inch 400 Feet

MAY 27th 1927

PAUL & LOUIE

ORADENTON, FLA



Have They Named Any Streets After YOU?

☞ The stars of the movies are the pets of Fame, the daughters of Fortune, and the names of the bigger and better Boulevards.

☞ Sun City is another of Florida's boom towns. And why not?

☞ Viola Dana as she was filmed on Florida's real estate, rubbing a sun-kissed shoulder.

Wanted for the Screen:—The



¶ *The crying need of producers TODAY is A NEW LEADING MAN!—He must be debonair—he must be verile—he must be a beau-ideal—he must be tall. He must be a CLEAN-CUT WIDE-AWAKE SMILING YOUNG AMERICAN who will prove to be every girl's ideal type.*

¶ *Greta Nissen and Ricardo Cortez "In the Name of Love," the picture directed by Mr. Higgin. Mr. Cortez is under contract with Famous Players-Lasky Corp. and is not available for independent producers.*

Mr. Kane and Mr. Higgin intend to find this young GREAT LOVER. They believe that he is somewhere in this broad country of ours awaiting JUST THIS OPPORTUNITY TO BE DISCOVERED.

If you believe that you are THE MAN send in your photograph.

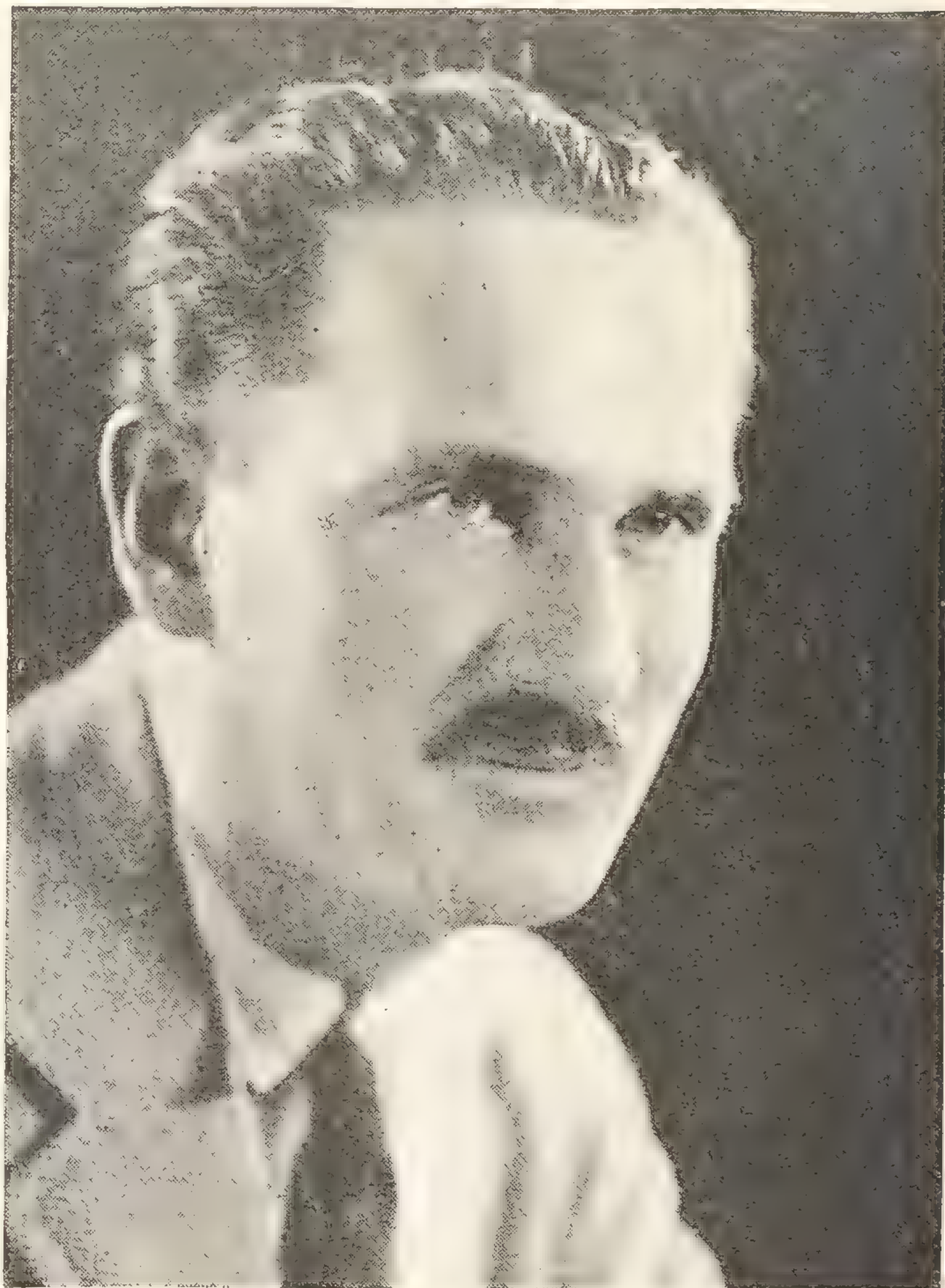
AN ACTOR CAN BE MADE

By Howard Higgin

AUTHOR, DIRECTOR, SCENARIST

DURING the many years I have been associated with the motion picture business in a more or less successful capacity one great fact has been indelibly impressed upon my mind—the absolute need on our screen today for men and women of personality, ability, and perseverance: personality, because it is one of the first requirements of a successful actor or actress; ability, for without that most necessary attribute reaching the top in stardom is virtually impossible; perseverance for the reason that the lack of stick-to-it-iveness kills the least chance of permanent success. Is there somewhere a man fitted for a motion picture career, in whose makeup the one, two and three of success can be found?

With the above thought in mind, I sought out Robert Kane, prominent in this industry as an independent



¶ *Howard Higgin, director, realizes the need of our screen to-day for men of personality, ability and perseverance.*

producer, and Miss Sada Cowan, collaborator with me in numerous original screen stories and adaptations. I presented to them my problem, "Where can I find a NEW LEADING MAN?" Momentarily they were at a loss for an answer. Then Mr. Kane said, "Let's look up the Editor of Screenland. Perhaps he will help us." And from Miss Cowan, "He's just the man we need." I've always had an idea that the fair way to secure a new screen personality is through an opportunity

GREATEST Lover in the World



Ricardo Cortez and Greta Nissen as directed by Mr. Higgin. Tall, strong, charming—Mr. Cortez is one of the best leading men on the screen.



Robert Kane, producer, is himself an example of the successful man who reached the top by his own efforts.

LEADING MAN — will be selected by Robert Kane, First National producer, the Editor of Screenland, Miss Sada Cowan, my associate, and myself. He will be given a part in one or more of the four productions Mr. Kane has commissioned me to direct for him. These pictures when completed will be nationally released by First National Pictures, Inc. The new find will be publicised, and given every chance to make a name for himself.

(Continued on page 72)

Conditions

This contest will be awarded to the man who, judging from his photograph, has the best chance for success in the movies.

Follow the conditions carefully.

1. Send as many of your photographs as you can. Photographs will be returned if a stamped and addressed envelope of proper size is enclosed.
2. On the back write your name, address, height, weight and age. Tell what experience you have had, if any.
3. The candidate must be nearly six feet tall.
4. In the event of one or more candidates having merit equal to the winner, equal opportunity will be given each.
5. This contest closes September 15th, 1925.
6. The winner of this contest will be given a part in a Robert T. Kane film and a salary will be paid while the winner is employed. But no railroad fares or hotel expenses will be paid.
7. Address Leading Man Contest, SCREENLAND Registry Bureau, 236 West 55th Street, New York City.

contest. After much serious thought and many conferences between Mr. Kane and Miss Cowan, we planned this contest.

Where in all this vast country of ours is the man we seek?

The crying need today of every producer of motion pictures is a new type, a new face, a new screen personality. Are you that personality?

The potential possibility — let us call him our NEW

Two

"FAMOUS"

☞ Little Greta Nissen, specially posed for Dayton, Tennessee.

THE theatrical production of Kaufman and Connelly's now movieized, "Beggar on Horseback," was received by the critics of New York with high praise, but not one paper neglected to mention the discovery of Greta Nissen, the New Beauty. As the delightful Princess in "A Kiss in Xanadu," little Greta Nissen won her standing as a pantomimist, which is the essential base of the art of the movies.

Miss Nissen is under contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and has appeared in "Lost — A Wife," and will be next seen in "In the Name of Love." She also has the leading rôle in many large productions such as "The Wanderer" and "The Ancient Highway."

Do you like to dance?

Would you like to be a stage dancer?

On page 88 of this issue is an offer of free scholarships to SCREENLAND readers.

☞ Greta Nissen, having reached the proud estate of prima ballerina, kicked her stage career over the footlights and went into the movies.

Photograph by
Eugene Robert Richee

Dancers

☞ A portrait of Gilda Gray showing the health that dancing has given her.

☞ It is becoming a tradition that the door of the Lasky Studio swings open with a ready welcome to the girl who comes to the portal a-dancing.

GILDA GRAY learned to dance. After learning how to dance Gilda danced, but in addition to setting her own lovely person literally and lyrically in action, she set the movie world to dancing as well, until it was recently announced that she had signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to star in pictures.

Her first film will be made under the directorship of Paul Bern under the working title of "The Talk of The Town." She is a conspicuous proof of screen success won by gaily dancing feet. Whadya mean "feet?"



☞ Gilda emerges from her bath shivering—and when Gilda shivers—

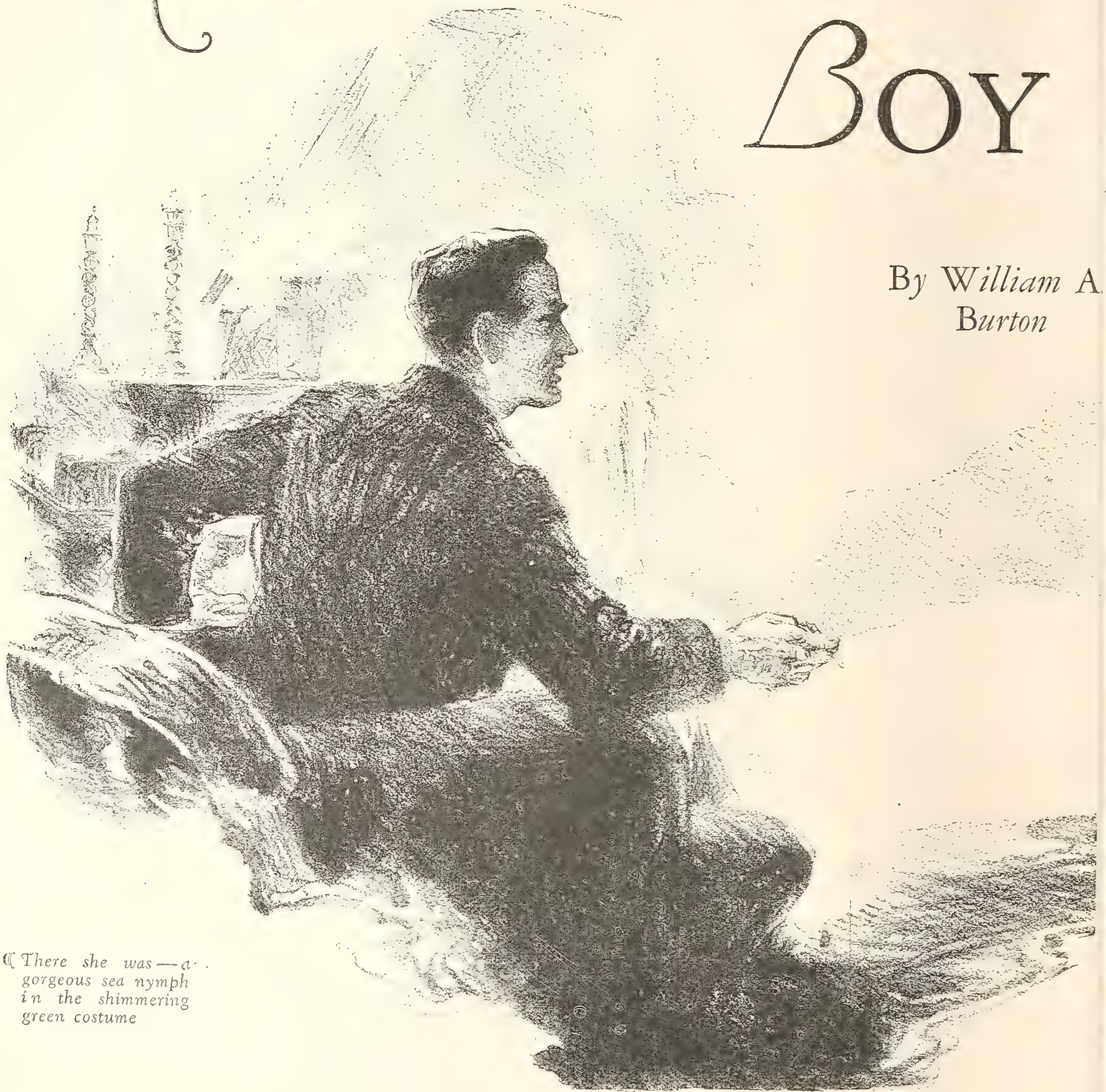
☞ Gilda Gray in the Ziegfeld Follies.



Photograph by Edward Tlayer Menroe

Madge Tests a Boy

By William A.
Burton



There she was—a
gorgeous sea nymph
in the shimmering
green costume

WHEN Bruce Farrell entered the barber's shop on Hollywood Boulevard he thought that he only wanted a shave, but after taking one look at the mirrored reflection of the girl in the next chair he knew that what he really wanted was a shave, hair-trim, singe, shampoo, head-rub, shoe-shine and manicure.

This sartorial truth did not properly dawn on him until the barber had finished the shave and had upended him to apply the finishing touches. At this very moment he became aware that a Vision had slipped into the adjoining chair while he was in a state of lathered

recumbency and that the Vision had now smiled at him—in the mirror.

Now even a university senior does not look his best when a barber's cloth is tied around his neck and the barber himself is fussily pecking at an invisible something at the back of his left ear. Bruce realized this fact, and although he smiled discreetly, he keenly felt the limitations of his position. He smiled again but the wretched creature who was daintily clipping microscopic bits from the ends of the most wonderful head of copper hair in all the world interposed his hulking body, and Bruce's smile was short circuited.



Illustrated by BRAHAM BULKIN

*¶ The moving picture players
are besieged with attentions,
but how can you tell
whom to love?*

Vision. This was not what he had bargained on.

"Clippers, Sir?"

"Surely—and if you don't mind—my eyes, you know—the light from the street is so——" He made a stirring motion with a cloth-draped hand to signify his desire to be turned around. The supercilious gentleman in white jerked the chair back to its original position.

"That better?" he inquired sourly.

"Infinitely!" replied Bruce, and glued his eyes on what he could see of the copper glory, the gleam of white throat, and the curve of one rounded cheek—oh yes, and a dimple. There was no question about it. This idea of the ladies invading the once sacred masculine domain of the barber's shop had its compensations!

As the cloth was once more drawn around his neck and pinned in place, Bruce heard a feminine gurgle of delight, and craning his neck a little he saw that a manicurist had brought her box of tricks and had planted herself beside the Vision.

"Well, Miss Mason—I haven't seen you since I don't know when. You're looking awfully well," cooed the girl.

"I've only just returned from location, Marie. I've been out with the company to Mohave, shooting desert stuff, and I'm surely glad to get back." The Vision, otherwise Miss Mason, had a melodious contralto voice that made Bruce think of rippling brooks, honeysuckle, and moonlight. Here indeed was something to tell his folks back in Seattle. Sitting right beside a stunning movie girl who had smiled at him and had a voice like a—like a . . .

The electric clippers began to buzz at the nape of his neck, while a firm hand spread out on the top of his head and tried its utmost to jiu-jitsu him. She had the most wonderful boyish bob he had ever seen on any girl before, he decided, as he squinted upward at the imminent peril of permanently dislocating his eyeballs.

"Much off the top?" demanded the torturer truculently.

"Boyish—I mean to say, nothing at all. Just trim the back and sides." He really didn't need anything else, since he had had his hair trimmed only yesterday.

"I suppose you will be taking in the masquerade at Venice, to-night, Miss Mason," burred the manicurist, as she worried away with the orange stick.

"Oh surely. None of the boys know I am back yet, so I suppose I will have to fall back on Bill to take me."

Lucky Bill, thought Bruce. Now if she would only fall back on him instead. Peering through between Miss Mason's barber and Miss Mason's copper head to the mirror beyond, he caught another glimpse of her face. Their eyes met and she smiled again. A twinkle of greyish blue eyes, a flash of perfect teeth, and a frank, boyish, chummy . . . Bruce swallowed his whole alimentary tract.

A bony black hand

(Continued on page 74)

"A-a-ll right!" announced his barber; meaning that the operation was entirely successful and that the patient might now depart. But Bruce did not depart.

"I believe I'll have a hair-trim," he decided in faltering accents.

The solemn, white-jacketed barber stuck his head round from behind the chair and peered into his face.

"Did you say hair-trim?" he breathed.

The Vision's barber held his shears suspended and stared in frank amazement. Bruce felt the hot blood mount to his neck and creep up to the roots of his curly brown hair. He knew that he was committing a dreadful breach of barber shop etiquette. A man may have a shave after a hair-trim, but to reverse the process is positively indelicate. Something like ordering fish after the cheese at an Ambassador dinner.

"Yeh—hair-trim," he gasped.

"Very good, Sir!" sighed the razor juggler resignedly.

Bruce felt the draft as the barber's eyebrows lifted. The next instant he was whirled around, with his back to the

New Screenplays

Reviewed By Delight Evans

SCREENLAND'S **BEST BET** *Of the Month:*

HAROLD LLOYD in *The Freshman* hands out laughs and a tear or two, in his customary quiet way. It is his best picture, and he does some great work — you know, acting — though he tries to pretend that he doesn't. But don't let him fool you — the kid is clever.

☞ If this isn't Harold's best picture, it's because he hasn't made it yet.

The Freshman

☞ *Rah—Rah—Rah!*

THE next time I go to see *The Freshman*, I'm going to wear ear-muffs. The way those people yelled and cheered, one couldn't hear oneself laugh.

Well, I'm a little hoarse myself. I admit it. See Harold Lloyd's new picture and you'll see what I mean. Only one of the wooden Indians they used to have in front of the cigar stores, before prohibition, could sit through *The Freshman* without raising his voice in rahs. If this isn't Harold's best picture, it's because he hasn't made it yet.

And, boys and girls, we have a real actor in our midst. Mr. Lloyd, please — Mister.

He rises to real heights in his characterization of a "Grandma's Boy" at College; and he may make you cry as hard as he used to make you laugh. He has discovered the power of pathos, and he takes advantage of his new-found gift to wring your heart and make you pick the flowers off your own hat.

He creates a pathetic, heroic character in Harold Lamb, Freshman; you won't forget Harold's Harold in a hurry.

It seems he always dreamed of the sensation he'd be in college. He would be a combination of all the gay



☞ Harold Lloyd, at the big football game, saves the day and Jobyna Ralston mends his heart.

and dashing heroes of college fiction. Yes, he would. His father says something: "Wait till Harold really goes to college — they will either break his heart or his neck or both." And they do. The college bullies make him believe he's a hero; and the realization that he's been just a poor boob does break his heart — but there's Jobyna Ralston waiting to mend it. Besides, at the "big football game" which he attends in the lowly capacity of water boy, he is unexpectedly hurled into the game. He saves the day, and his self-respect, and provides a wonderful finish for his picture.

There's a rather interesting angle on the undoubted success of *The Freshman*. It's Lloyd's final picture for Pathe — the company that gave him his first chance to make good. He is with Paramount now. But he didn't turn this last picture out overnight; he spent more time and money on it than on any other feature he ever made; not because he had to, but because that's his idea of fair play. And so, in all the cheers for the character he plays so well, you might stick in a little extra one for the kid himself.



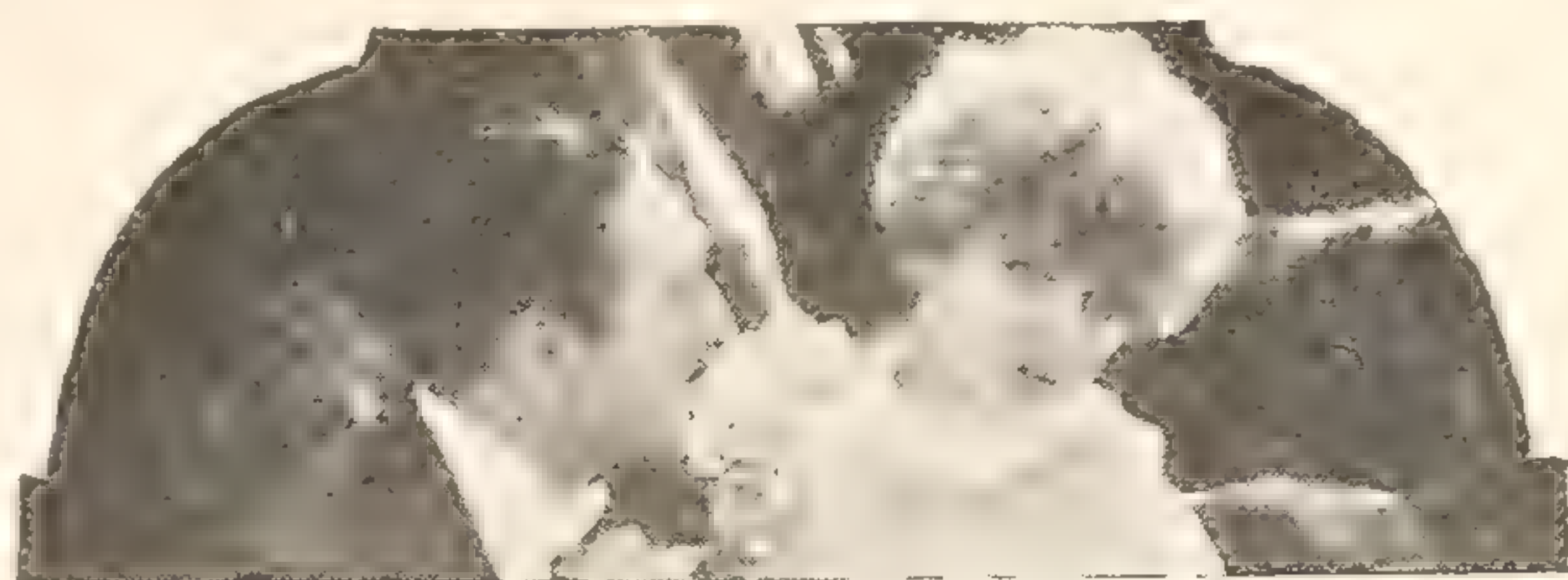
¶ Genaro Spagnoli becomes Greta's second husband — but Adolphe arrives on the new wedding night!

is acted by Adolphe Menjou. She marries again — but on the new wedding night Adolphe turns up — and naturally wins her back again, Menjou being what he is, and wives only human.

It's a powder-puff of a plot, but it has its amusing moments, thanks to M. Menjou and Edgar Norton who plays near-husband number two.

As for Greta Nissen, whose

first important picture this is, she can't seem to forget that she used to be a ballet dancer. She looks like Anna Q. Nilsson but behaves like Ruth St. Denis interpreting something. Give Greta a fountain and a basket of wild flowers and play the Spring Song for her and she'll go right into her dance. But at least she hasn't announced herself as the Swedish Mary Pickford. And she does know how to dance.



¶ Greta gets tired of the wheel of chance and divorces Adolphe.

¶ The best racing drama these old eyes have seen for a long, long time.

The Sporting Chance

¶ "They're Off!"



¶ Dorothy Phillips and Theodore von Eltz provide romance that is convincingly sincere.

DON'T you love 'em?
I mean those "Bred in Old Kentucky" things?
Just show me a racetrack and a plucky hero
and heroine staking their Little All on Kentucky
Boy to win, and I'm in for a large evening. My nails
simply won't stand it!

And when it's well done — wow! I could tell you in the first reel how it's all going to come out, but I love to kid myself that maybe, this time, Lucky Lass will come in ahead, and then — but here comes Kentucky Boy now. He's never lost a race yet.

The Sporting Chance is the best racing drama these old eyes have seen for a long, long time. It was worth waiting for. Director Oscar Apfel has given Kentucky Boy the gland treatment and the old hoss is as frisky as a colt in new pastures. This time, he's owned by Theodore von Eltz, adored by Dorothy Phillips, and coveted by Lou Tellegen. He's a smart horse who knows who his real friends are, and sticks to them. Kentucky

Boy does. He wins the handicap and takes the purse straight home.

That race is real. So is the surrounding romance. Miss Phillips comes back and does a good job. She's the

only actress I know who combines the sincerity and snap of Norma Talmadge. Yet she's quite herself. Welcome home, gal. All is forgiven — if you promise you'll never stay away so long again.



☞ This contest is a real one — Kentucky Boy has never lost a race yet!

☞ Complications galore for the loving lovers are caused by the lying vampish friend.

The Lady Who Lied

☞ *Oh, How She Lied!*



☞ What a time Virginia Valli has resisting the charms of Lewis Stone!

WOULD you walk a mile for a movie camel? Then see *The Lady Who Lied*. There are dozens of dromedaries in it, though not a single sheik. Cheer up; Lewis Stone is here, and for once he is not a hen-pecked husband, but a — ssh — lover. In the beginning it looks as if he's going to get married as usual, but Nita Naldi in a mean mood changes all that. She appears in the nick of time, and little else, and saves him from wedding the heroine for five reels. Finally Lew catches up with Virginia Valli to tell her that Nita was fibbing when she told Virginia that she had "claims" on him. Virginia, for reasons best known to herself, has meanwhile married Edward Earle, and what a time she has resisting the temptations offered by Lew, a desert moon, rippling waters, and fuzzy photography. Just when it begins to look as if Mr. Stone were to be allowed to face the sunset in solitude for once, obliging bandits do away with the husband, thus saving the scenario writer a lot of trouble, and Lew Stone's reputation as a screen husband.

He's very, very charming, and Miss Valli is pleasant if placid. Nita Naldi has a grand time burlesquing all the wicked wimmin she ever played. She takes it seriously, too. That's what makes it so funny.

⌚ The longest and most thrilling race on record.

Paths to Paradise

⌚ Police!



ONCE when you said Griffith, everybody knew whom you meant. Now there are two Griffiths, and they have to call out the reserves every time one of Raymond's pictures play. He calls out the cops himself for his latest, *Paths to Paradise*, and starts the longest and the most thrilling chase on record. If any one leaves the theatre before the finish it will be because the excitement has been too much for them. They won't leave of their own accord.

Griffith revives the Keystone cops — not the same cops; they must be out of business by now. But these new

⌚ Betty Compson and Raymond Griffith are cultured crooks.

ones are almost as good. They pursue Raymond and Betty Compson, as cultured crooks, to the Mexican border, and back again; and the mirth among the

audience becomes unrefined. Perfect strangers will become as life-long friends before Ray and Betty finally bring back the jools.

In a few years, this Griffith will be Chaplin's only rival. This new characterization of a polished thief is perfect of its kind. Raymond's immaculate make-up will be as popular as Charlie's rags. And I'll be surprised if Griffith takes it too hard and gets spoiled. The only thing high-hat about him is what he wears on his head.

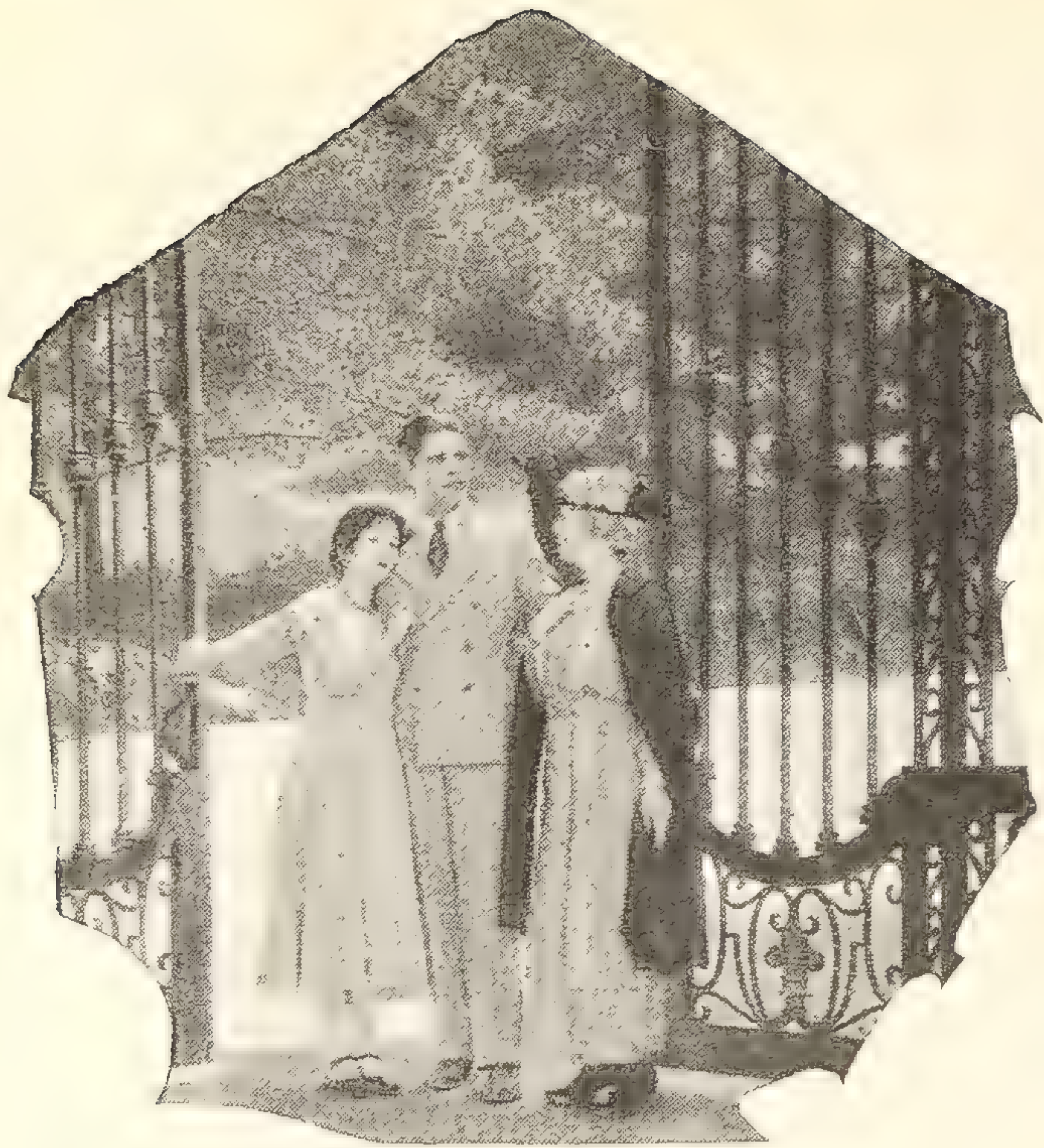
⌚ The latest contribution to A. S. M. Hutchinson's celluloid library.

The Happy Warrior

⌚ Doing Right by Our Authors

STUART BLACKTON seems to make pictures for pleasure. — He picks the stories he likes and directs them as he likes. And he is the original author's friend when it comes to keeping the faith with the reading public.

The Happy Warrior is his latest contribution to A. S. M. Hutchinson's celluloid library. It interests me for its strict devotion to an idea. Blackton has developed a technique all his own — his films are easier to follow than most others, for the reason that he never indulges in the



stiff, unnatural practice of dogging his actors' footsteps. Like the sundial, his camera only records the happy hours—or at least, the interesting. When he calls "Action!" he means it.

Lovers of Hutchinson will be happy with their warrior. Others may like the circus stuff or the love scenes by Malcolm McGregor and Olive Borden, a new little girl who's very nice until she remembers she looks something like Madge Bellamy.

☞ The grand finale—Mary Alden as the motherly aunt sees Malcolm McGregor and Olive Borden happy without the ancestral home.

☞ An automobile race that makes all others look like a kiddie-car contest.

The Lucky Devil



☞ Esther Ralston and Richard Dix.

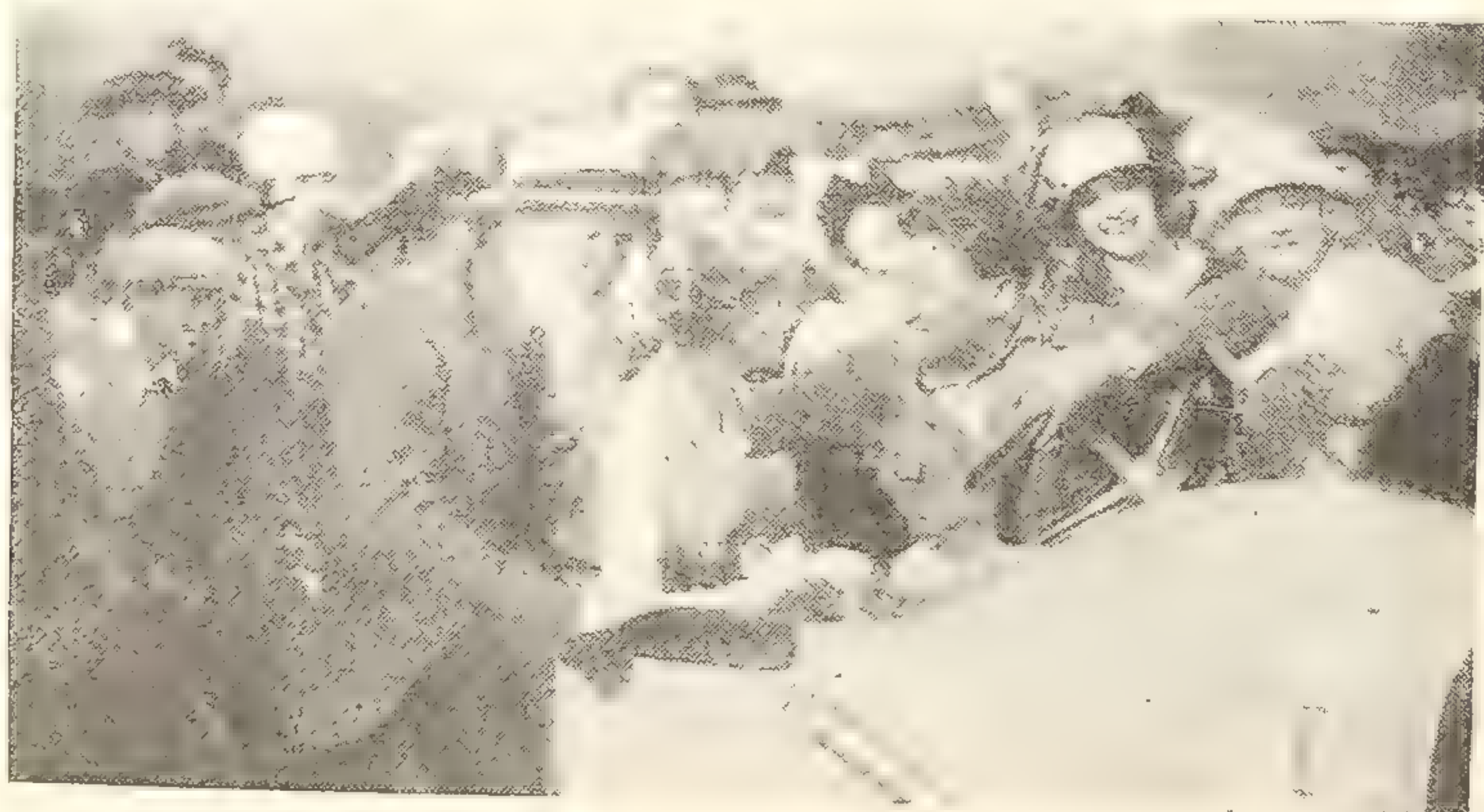
☞ Bright Boy Makes Good—Again.

HE was only a salesman, and look at him now! A bank president? Not on your life. A racing driver.

Dick Dix as *The Lucky Devil* starts as a salesman of auto accessories and wins up as a hero of the burning road. He drives Car Thirteen to victory, wins the money, and finds Esther Ralston waiting for him and also for the purse. The girl wasn't mercenary; but she'd sold her flivver to enter Richard's car in the race, and earned the reward.

The Lucky Devil is out for fun, and gets it. So does the audience, and also its money's worth. No uplift; no reform; no deep drama; no moral lesson. None necessary when a picture is as bright as this one.

Frank Tuttle, who directed, has staged an automobile race that makes all others look like a kiddie-car contest. Dix, as the hard-luck guy, needed a bracer like this. A film like *The Lucky Devil* will take years off any star.



☞ Esther had sold her flivver to enter Richard's car in the race.

☞ A smart farce with Florence Vidor as a charming, inconstant hussy.

Grounds for Divorce

☞ Meet Mlle. Vidor

SEEMS to me I've seen her somewhere before; but I can't be sure. There used to be a Florence Vidor who played Barbara Frietchie all the time, in costume or out; but it can't be the same one.

This Florence is smart, scintillating. She wears sophisticated gowns as if they grew on her. She seems to have a sense of humor. And she plays a part in *Grounds for Divorce* that would have shocked the other Florence out of her smooth coiffure. She's a young French wife who's neglected by her husband but doesn't moon over it. Instead, she divorces him and marries a count. Then she becomes capricious and decides she wants another divorce, husband number one having turned up again with a hair-cut. Altogether, she's a charming, inconstant hussy. And Florence does her credit.

Paul Bern directed this farce which served Ina Claire on the stage. Matt Moore, Harry Myers and Louise Fazenda don't look very French, but then French people never do. I hope Florence keeps on being naughty-but-nice. If she does, I predict a rosy future for her. Rosy is right; she'll burn things up.



☞ Matt Moore as Maurice Sorbier swears never to neglect his wife, Florence Vidor.

☞ Another picture of the frozen north.

Kivalina of Iceland

☞ Eskimo Pie

WELL, if this is Iceland, you can have it. I like gum-drops as well as anybody else, but as for paying real money to watch an Eskimo munching some, no, thanks. "Kivalina of Iceland" is advertised as "greater than *Nanook of the North*"; and I want to announce right here that if it is, then I'm a walrus. If that won't start an argument, I can think of all sorts of other mean things to say.

This Earl Rossman picture concerns those frozen spaces where the national anthem is "Mush on" — which may sound like a breakfast order but is only a call to the pet reindeer to do a dash over a lot of icebergs to catch a poor little harmless silver fox; where the gold-diggers demand a nice mess of raw seal as proofs of devotion; and where you expect to see Lewis Stone in the uniform of a Northwest Mountie come galloping up any minute — and you're disappointed.

Kivalina is a travelogue masquerading as a masterpiece. To begin with, thought the titles say that the film was taken in "the northernmost tip of the American continent," the supposed Icelanders look more like Lapland-

ers, if that cuts any ice with you. (Well, you know that had to come out somewhere in a review like this.) They are neither lovable nor attractive. They are camera-conscious. They are no more exciting than a cross-section of animal life anywhere. They are photographed apparently wrestling with the forces of nature; but on one occasion when the hero, Awk-Awk, or whatever his name is, is battling against the elements, and the title tells us about "the wind in all its fury," the scene presents a calm and unruffled aspect of undisturbed snow. There are, in fact, more incongruities than one can shake an ice-pick at. I didn't seem to care for that shot of a frozen fox, either.

I wouldn't be so mad if *Kivalina* had not pretended to be a rival of *Nanook*, but that happens to be one of my pet pictures; and except for a flash of the Northern Lights, *Kivalina* offers nothing that can in any way come up to it. Robert J. Flaherty's masterpiece of life as it is lived among the Eskimos was beautiful and thrilling. Its leading figures seemed, despite their difference, to be brothers of ours; and we could get all worked up over them. But *Kivalina* isn't worth the trouble. The titles and the pictures never do get together; they don't agree at all. And don't you get tired of being urged to applaud the wonders unfolding on the screen when you are quite capable of finding them for yourself—if there are any?

Kivalina is all ice, and no kick. Ask your ice-man.

Miss Evans' Review of *CYRANO DE BERGERAC* will be found on page 72.

THE BLOODHOUND

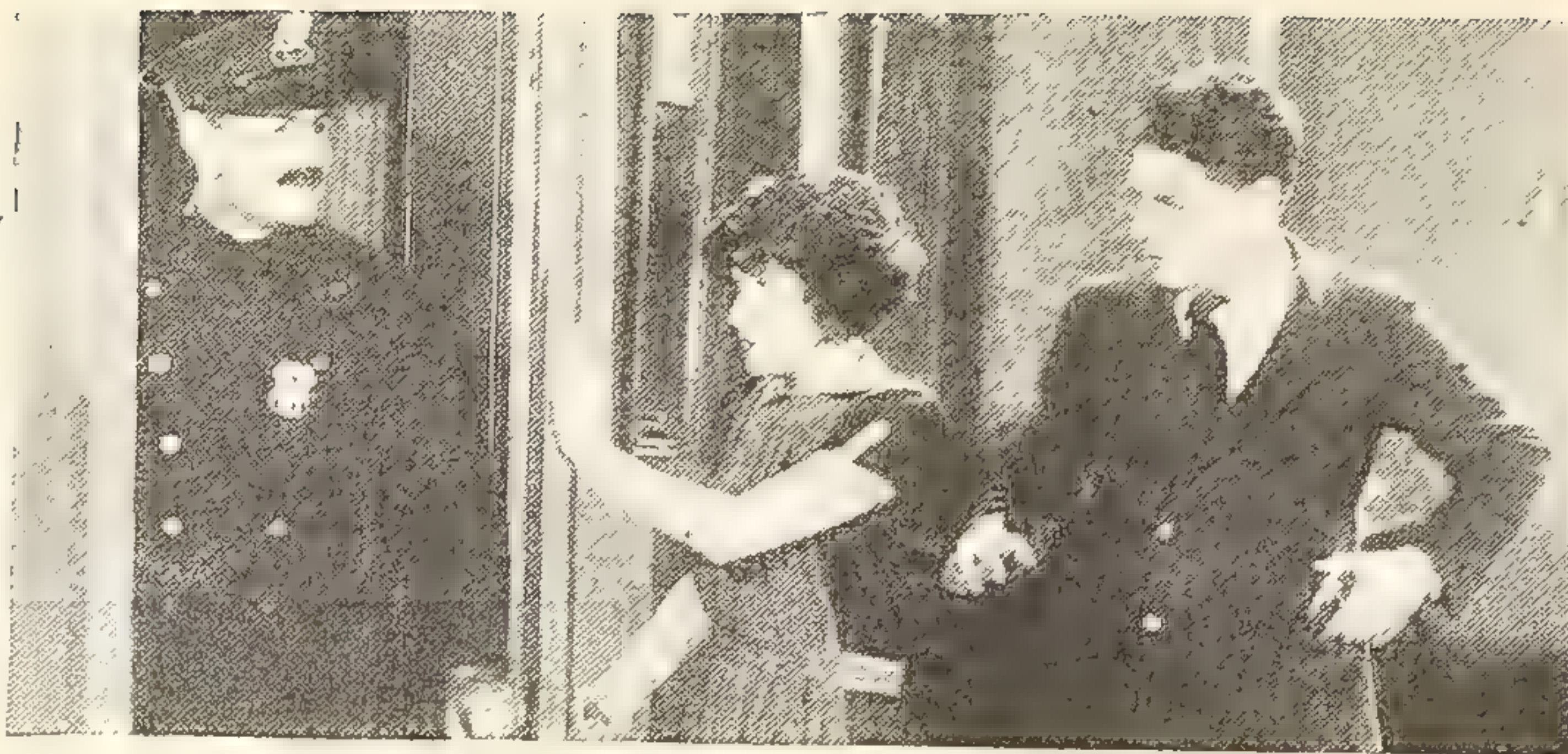
OH BOY . . . here come the North West Mounted Police! If you don't know all about them, the Redcoats, the daring riders of the wide, open spaces, then you might as well tell Rip Van Winkle to move over, and give you a berth.

This story — *The Bloodhound* — is about two Redcoats in particular, Constable Fitzgerald, known everywhere as "the Fox" and Lieutenant McKenna, hailed as "the Bloodhound," for he never fails to "git" his man—or his Fox if you come to that. Murder! This picture starts right out with a crime wave. We had scarcely settled down in our places when it splashed right over us. Old Man Rambo who owns the general store at Athabasca is killed. Almost before the smoke has cleared away, off go the Mounties, hot on the trail of the murderer. There's McKenna out after this unknown trapper, and Fitzgerald out after McKenna, and Marie . . . Rambo's daughter . . . out after the truth. Both men get their man, only to find out when he is turned over at Headquarters that every one is all wrong. We are sorry Oscar didn't see this picture. Yep . . . he is still digging fish worms up in the Maine woods. We miss him as one does the mosquitos when summer is over, but it would never do to let him know it.

Bob Custer is fine as usual in this picture. We ought to say that he is twice as good as usual, since he plays two parts.

AMERICAN PLUCK

IF you like your pictures hot, you'll want to see George Walsh in his latest, *American Pluck*, for he not only keeps you on the griddle as to what will happen next but his name is Blaze Derringer. Blaze is kicked out of college and his irate parent tells him to clear out and not come back until he has earned five thousand dollars. What do you suppose Blaze does? Puts on his gloves and passes the hat. . . . Well, you are half right. He puts on his gloves . . . and goes in for a prize fight. Blaze meets a girl, and she puts him on fire in a minute.



Gertie Jones (Evelyn Brent) the smoothest, slangiest crook in the underworld, and her husband (Bruce Gordon) in "Smooth as Satan."

Some NEW Films

George Walsh is a regular self-starting Yankee son-of-a-gun and Wanda Hawley is a perfect foil for him in "American Pluck."



It's a complicated job winning the real girl, but when she happens to be a Princess, there's more red tape to it than ever. The Princess rules far away Bargonina. With the map of the world always changing in these days, like the waist-lines, there's no telling where this strange land is. The subtitle informs us that the people were a banana-loving race but they had been fed up on "apple-sauce." I suppose that makes us a ham sandwich nation until some one came along and set the hot dog on us! But Blaze trails the Princess right to her throne, saves her from a scheming statesman, sees her crowned Queen, and in fact is a regular self-starting Yankee son-of-a-gun, and you'll like him.

SMOOTH AS SATIN

ONE fine day last Spring we came home from a trip down town to find the lock broken off the door, the house inside looking as though a "trembler" had struck it and all our valuables gone! That's all we ever knew about thieves until we met Evelyn Brent, and she began to show us that in the life of a crook the stolen sweets are not always the sweetest. In *Smooth as Satan* she lets you

know that a perfectly good safe-breaker isn't even safe for a little girl crook. To begin with, she's all dolled up like a French maid, but one night when her mistress goes to the opera, she becomes just Gertie Jones, the slangiest, smoothest crook of the underworldly folks.

But even crooks fall in love, and the side-partner burglar who is jilted is moved by vengeful desire to aid the police in capturing Gertie.

It is one thing to get married if you want to, but it is nervous work to get married whether you want to or not, just to give the slip to the police. That's what happens to Gertie. But Jim Hartigan, her husband, isn't such a bad lot even though he has been as crooked as a pretzel. You don't blame Gertie a bit for falling in love with him, and just when they decide to be "on the square," grim Justice grimaces, and they find out just how long the long arm of the law really is. Some quick thinking on Gertie's part, with a thrilling railroad wreck that does a lot to help her out . . . and they are free again. Free and happy! There's one way to end a picture, and that's it.

THE MAN OF IRON

YOU may think that it is only father pulling along on his weekly, none-too-pay envelope, with sixths to feed, the coal bin filled, and the Ford to keep running, who knows anything about "the bank once complex." But as a matter of fact, it is often the city folks who have money. It happened so with Edith Bowdoin, in *The Man of Iron*. Though she is high up in the best circles she was down deep in it. She drove ahead at a pace, all the guideposts looked like dollar signs. But there was a way. There always is.

Mrs. Bowdoin was blessed with a beautiful and marriageable daughter. And so you hear the wedding bells ringing a noise like so many silver dollars in Mrs. Bowdoin's mesh bag.

You've heard a lot about these loveless marriages, where the groom's gift to the bride is a check-book and every one pretends to be happy and satisfied. In this case, however, the husband was in love with his wife—and she thinks she is in love with a Prince. But titles don't make the man any more than money makes a marriage. The wife finds this out in due time but not before she has caused a lot of trouble and a duel as well. This is a Lionel Barrymore picture, so that explains why it is a pretty big one. Mildred Harris and Dorothy Kingdon help themselves to a share of the honors.

WHITE THUNDER

GRACIOUS me—if those sheepmen and cattlemen out West don't get things settled up pretty soon, we'll have to go West for our vacation and see what we can do about it. They are always having trouble—and to spare, so they give us our share to put into these reviews. As though we didn't have enough trouble of our own. It makes us feel well—White Thunder—

And there you have the title of the picture we saw today. Yakima Canutt has the feature rôle, and he isn't a bit hard on the eyes.

Chick Richards when he returns from college is a first-class tenderfoot, if there ever was one. His father, the sheriff, has been shot by one unknown, with an ace of spades tattooed on his wrist. You would think Chick could start right out to get his father's murderer. But that is not his idea of a good time. He would much rather sit around in white flannels, smoking endless cigarettes and making love to Alice Norris, the parson's daughter.

Then comes the mysterious rider, dashing abroad the countryside at night, terrifying the outlaws and bringing hope to the oppressed sheepmen. He is known as "White



Mildred Harris and Lionel Barrymore in "The Man of Iron."

Thunder," since he wears white robes and rides a white charger. In his wake he always leaves a playing card—the ace of spades—threatening vengeance on the murderer of the sheriff. Chick isn't even interested in this unknown rider and rather scorns him for his daring. He is after the hand of Alice and it doesn't look as though he were going to get it, since Alice declares she wants "a real man for a husband"—not merely a dressed-up dandy. It doesn't discourage Chick much, for he sticks around just the same as ever. Until one day—

Well, things begin to happen and there's no let-up until the hand-cuffs click around the wrists of the murderer, and the parson returns home just in time to be really useful—to Chick and Alice. As for "White

Thunder"—well, what do you know?

THE HUMAN TORNADO

JUDGING by the newspapers, tornadoes are all the rage these days. Wanting to be right up to the minute, along comes Yakima Canutt in *The Human Tornado*—and he blows you a lively one! Jim Marlow, the younger brother, is well liked by every one in the California valley town where he lives—and especially by Marion Daley. Jim's half brother, Chet,

is a great big bully. Just between you and me and the gate post, he should have spelled his name Cheat. But he does everything up so slick that nobody guesses it. He even tricks Old Man Daley, Marion's father, out of his mining claim for the miserly sum of one hundred dollars. When Jim learns of this it makes him so mad that he sees nothing but red and starts out to paint up the crooked town. And the fire works begin. It looks like the Fourth of July every day in this town, until things are settled to suit Jim Marlow and the Sheriff. If you like plenty of gun smoke and California dust, you'll get it in this picture. The feminine rôle is taken by Nancy Leeds—and she does!

Oscar writes us about some of the big catches he makes, but they all sound like fish stories to us.



Zane Grey, the master magician of all westerns, taken on location when he visited the troupe making "Wild Horse Mesa." Famous Players are now filming his "Vanishing American" with Richard Dix as the tragic Indian hero.

Q Douglas Fairbanks as "Don Q," a dashing, whip-cracking, fascinating hero.



DO you remember among the friends of your school days some one who later became famous on the screen?

SCREENLAND will pay well for a letter about it.

Before They Were Famous

Q A joke Douglas Fairbanks can never live down

By Maude Simmons Hornaday

THE fine acrobatic skill of Douglas Fairbanks was of no avail in surmounting the obstacle encountered upon his first appearance before the footlights. Frederick Warde, the celebrated Shakespearean actor, who discovered the first indications of luminosity in this now distinguished star, tells the story as follows:

"Some years ago in Denver I talked a great deal to high school students and frequently discussed the works of Shakespeare. Douglas Fairbanks, then a pudgy-faced boy, confided to me that his great ambition was to go on the stage, and asked that I give him a job. I told him that he was almost too young but when he finished school, if he still had the inclination, I would be glad to help him. But Douglas was not to be put off in such a fashion, for one day when I was busy going over my usual rehearsals, I was summoned to answer a call from an elegant lady.

"Upon entering the room to meet my caller, I found it was Mrs. Fairbanks, the mother of my young friend. She informed me that she had come at the request of her son to tell me that the boy had lost all interest in school and could think of nothing but the stage. She made it clear to me that there was no use in further effort to keep him in school and indicated that she would like me to have the training of her son. So I engaged Douglas to carry my satchel or to do anything that I required until he was prepared to take an actor's part. He was full of fun, and after joining the company kept up his many humorous pranks, which amused the troupe, as in those days a group of players was called.

"I gave him from time to time minor rôles, which he did remarkably well, so the time came when I thought he might have a speaking part, and chose the tragic drama 'Richard the Third' as the starting place for Douglas. In this I gave him the rôle of the guardsman, who proclaims as the procession advances upon the stage: 'Stand back, milord, and let the coffin pass.'

"Douglas, I may say, was thrilled with the rôle he was to take in this great play, and for weeks one could hear the interested boy, as they passed his room, rehearsing his lines, 'Stand back, milord, and let the coffin pass.' In quiet corners of the theatre, on lonely window seats of the village inn, in solitary carriages, as he was whirled about on various errands, one could hear Douglas saying: 'Stand back, milord, and let the coffin pass,' with the use of the broad English *a* in the word 'pass.'

"Finally the great night arrived when for the first time he was to speak his part upon the stage. When his cue came, his knees trembled but he mustered his courage and walked boldly to the center of the stage. Then, as the procession advanced, through a natural similarity of sound and perverseness of the human palate, he brought down the house by exclaiming: 'Stand back, milord, and let the parson cough!'

"We played 'Richard the Third' as many as fifty times that year I know, and I am sure that Douglas must have said it wrong that many times," concluded Mr. Warde, with a chuckle, appreciative of the incident as well as the great success of the young actor, which the world knows soon followed.



A day or so before the wedding Vane meets Thyra (Eleanor Boardman) quite informally and at first glance they fell in love, though neither could speak of it.



Edward Connelly as the King and Constance Wiley as the Countess.

FOUR FLAMING DAYS

Directed by Jack Conway Supervised by Elinor Glyn

QUEEN THYRA Eleanor Boardman	PRINCESS EREK Vera Lewis
DUKE OF CHEVENIX Conrad Nagel	PRINCESS ANNE Carrie Clark Ward
THE KING Edward Connelly	COUNTRESS ARLINE Mrs. C. E. Wylie
SIR CHARLES VANE Louis Payne	GOVERNESS Dale Fuller
GIGBERTO Arthur Edmund Carewe	GIBSON Ned Sparks



After the revolutionists overthrow the monarchy, Gigberto, the ruler, plans a repetition of the famous Nates Marriages of 1793, and in the confusion Vane and Thyra are strapped together and thrown into the bay. Vane cuts the ropes and swims safely to his yacht with Thyra.

THE HALF WAY GIRL



Poppy (Doris Kenyon) having attempted to help Douglas escape is sent to Malay Street.



Her liberty, through escape on an outbound steamer, is short-lived, when she discovers Inspector Guthrie (Hobart Bosworth) still on her trail. Philip Douglas (Lloyd Hughes) is her only hope.

THE strange tale of a girl stranded in the Far East and her valiant fight against an unscrupulous reprobate.

POPPY LA RUE Doris Kenyon
PHILIP DOUGLAS Lloyd Hughes
JOHN GUTHRIE Hobart Bosworth
THE CRAB Tully Marshall
JARDINE Sam Hardy
GIBSON Charles Wellesley
MISS BROWN Martha Madison
EFFIE Sally Crute

Directed by John Francis Dillon



Poppy La Rue (Doris Kenyon) an American chorus girl, finds herself stranded when the manager of her troupe decamps with all the cash.



Donald (John Harron) suddenly discovers that May (June Marlowe) is awfully pretty and he tries to tell her so.

BELOW THE LINE

Directed by
Herman Raymaker

RIN-TIN-TIN . . . Rin-Tin-Tin
the wonder dog
DONALD CASS . . . John Harron
MAY BARTON . . . June Marlowe
JAMBER NILES . . . Pat Hartigan
"CUCKOO" NILES . . . Victor Potel
DEPUTY SHERIFF . . . Chas (Heinie)
Conklin
REV. BARTON . . . Gilbert Clayton
MRS. CASS . . . Edith Yorke
THE SHERIFF . . . Taylor Duncan

A SNARLING, vicious dog
made loyal and fine
through the tenderness
of a boy that loved him



Love for his dog (Rin-Tin-Tin) has changed Donald, and his new attitude wins May's love



Rin-Tin-Tin had never known kindness before



After fighting off the bloodhounds Rin-Tin-Tin turns to settle with "Cuckoo" (Victor Potel).

When DRAMALAND

☞ Julius Tannen. He is the "Ballet" of the "Vanities."

Photo by Hixon-Connelly Studio.



Photo by Wide World Studio

☞ The grace and abandon of Eva Lynn are two of the things that make Earl Carroll.

ARTISTS and MODELS

THEY were both present, the models and the artists, at the Winter Garden; and after successfully putting over their rôles just to show you, they doubled in brass (we use this in its psychological sense) and the models became artists at dancing and the artists proved themselves models of what comedians should be. That introduces Phil Baker, whose personality isn't a reflection of any other. If you wanted to be one of the carefree lads in the book when you read Murger's "Latin Quarter" you'll know what we mean. He is living the life — and you understand him.

☞ The summer revues which can never be screened. They are the proving grounds, however, for many an embryo screen player and, also, they are the aggravation of every film producer.

But to comment further on the 1925 models — to cover them with well-earned praises would defeat the excellent plan of the talented Gertrude Hoffman.

There is a lavishness and yet an absence of effort in this revue. There are lighting effects of great beauty, and also there are songs and skits of uproarious humor.

And there is Phil Baker. He could entertain successfully a battery of movie cameras, and perhaps he will; but he must write the script, for he is an "original."



Photo by White Studio

☞ These summer nights in New York, Marjorie Peterson sings of "Venetian Nights" in the "Vanities."

"Steps Out" with the DANCERS

By
John Eliot

THE VANITIES

THIS season's discovery in revues is at the Carroll Theatre. The big idea is that the footlights have prevented that informal mingling that makes for friendliness. And so the girls of the show are all over the theatre and the audience is now and then dancing on the stage. A clubby atmosphere is the result. Julius Tannen established it, and we found even we unbent to the extent of being human to the pew holders on either side of us. The talent seemed not to mind coming down to our level and the show went over with a whoop; and why not — we were all more or less in it?



Photo by Drix Duryea

“They Knew What They Wanted Under the Elms” is the clever burlesque in “The Grand Street Follies” at the Neighborhood Playhouse in which Lois Shore imitates Rae Dooley.



“The Paris Edition of “Artists and Models” is remarkable for many things but you will never forget Phil Baker.

Photo by White Studio



Photo by Valery, Paris

“Florence of the “18 Gertrude Hoffman Girls” in the third and latest edition of “Artists and Models.”

Constance Bennett



¶ *Negligée by Boué Soeurs of Paris, imported exclusively by Franklin Simon & Co.*

FROM THE LITTLE PARIS SHOP.

By Charlotte Wedge

AFTER Constance Bennett had finished her interesting part in "The Goose Woman," she loafed a few days in New York, buying herself all kinds of lovely things.

Miss Bennett unquestionably has that rare quality of style which is the envy of every woman in pictures — and out of them. When SCREENLAND sought Miss Bennett for some fashions, she suggested these fetching negligées imported from France, which she had selected for herself. A lot of girls would wear negligées on the street, if they could look this way in them.

¶ When Miss Bennett desires to be more formal she dons a hostess gown of chiffon brocaded velvet shading from palest orchid to deep purple with trailing chiffon sleeves.

Photographs by Murray Studios

¶ This exquisite boudoir gown of shrimp pink satin consists of an underdress exquisitely embroidered in the typical Boué Soeurs manner and a coat with wide insertions and edgings of real lace.



Poses in Negligee

PHOTOGRAPHS
POSED ESPECIALLY
for SCREENLAND by
MISS BENNETT

¶ If one prefers the simple, ingenious combination of fine net and lawn, this boudoir coat will be very appealing. The yoke and plique are of an unusual stone blue lawn, the body of the gown of net, with hand embroidery and real lace.

[This straight line negligée is of shell pink silk crepe with van dyked hem and fine lawn and lace applique and embroidery. A chaise-longue cover of pink marabou adds a delightful note of luxury to this grouping.



Gossip from HOLLYWOOD



Phyllis Haver rose from the ranks of the Mack Sennett laugh-makers to be a high-powered emotional actress. With Betty Bronson, left, whom she supports in "The Golden Princess."

MY dear Simon Legree:
It's funny how our preconceived notions often seem to have the wrong English, isn't it? Take the case of Phyllis Haver, for instance. Member when she hung her bathing suit up on the hook over at Mack Sennett's and with what then seemed a mad resolve stalked forth into Movieland to do "bigger and better" things? That was a couple of years ago and everybody was doing it from Adolph Zukor on down.

Well, when Phyllis renounced pie-receiving for the less lively art of tear-jerking I was *E pluribus unum* from the many to query "Yeh?" and add "Heh-Heh!" sagely. I knew full well that as an extortioner from the lacrimal apparatus Phyllis would be about as successful as a soap salesman in a reform school for wayward boys.

Phyllis told me of her amended goal in the cinema, herself, as I recall it. She was at a party which I attended as an uninvited guest. Some one had socked somebody else in the eye for speaking out of turn and I was the bright-eyed little reporter sent out to gather up the dead, succour the wounded, and bring in the story for the morning paper I was working on at the time. They were just putting the raw beef on the sockee's eye when I arrived. Hence he was, for the moment, beyond the reach of questions. I had to talk to somebody and Phyllis was the only guest who was not somewhat perturbed by the socker's efficiency as a knuckle flinger. . . . Her comedy lot training allowed her to watch unmoved the sockee's loop-the-loop and tail-spin down a flight of stairs. She did not even flick an eyelash as they scraped him off the lawn as the first step in his rejuvenation, I was later informed.

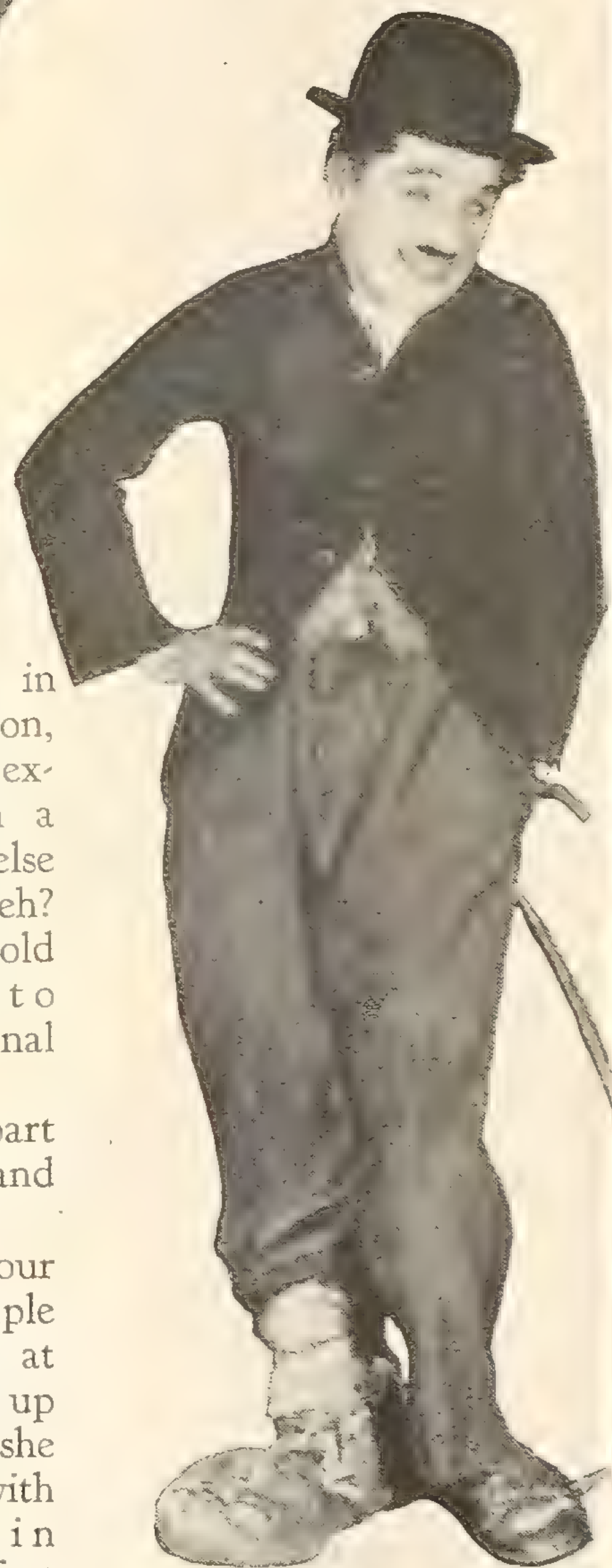
By
H. B. K. Willis

Seeing her calm in that torrent of emotion, following what the expensive writers term a denouement, what else could I say but "Yeh? Heh-heh!" when she told me she intended to become an emotional actress?

But the amazing part of it is, she has up and done it.

With my own four eyes I watched a sample of her sob-snatching at the Lasky lot. Made up as fair, fat and forty she was doing a scene with Rockcliffe Fellowes in Betty Bronson's first starring picture for Paramount, *The Golden Princess*.

Rockcliffe was supposed to have trapped her daughter (Betty) in



"The Gold Rush" is completed at last and opens in August. It is said to be the best "Chaplin."

mine for his own foul designs, drat him! Phyllis was pleading with him for her daughter but, as the title writers say, to no avail. Rather to a punch in the jaw, for that is what Rockcliffe gave her. (Clarence Badger, the director, is a hound for reality.)

Badger ordered Phyllis to turn on the water. I looked around for the glycerine bottle. Phyllis cast an appealing eye at Ray Kellogg, the set violinist. Ray relayed it to the pianist and sawed into *Smiling Through* and the thing was done. Real tears streaked downward over the makeup, and splashed on the roughhewn boards at her feet.

The scene was shot. Phyllis came over, bummed a cigarette, and sent a grip out for a bottle of that well-known beverage for the tired feeling.

Hence she is now an emotional actress. I take back the "Yeh?" and also the "Heh-heh!"

A lot of our fair friends think it is no trick at all to uncork a few rivulets when the occasion seems to demand them but, believe you me, it is not so easy to be emotional when the carpenters on the next set six feet behind you are acting as if they just had to wear their hammers out by five o'clock and it was then four-thirty; when another stu-



QUES.—When is a cameraman a barber?

ANS.—When the company is on location 200 miles from town and Billie Dove's ends get straggly. Poor Archie Stout even tries to look the part.



Q Young Doug respects the Fairbanks traditions and is rapidly becoming an all-round athlete. He demonstrates his horsemanship in "Wild Horse Mesa."

Radio orchestra is grinding out jazz for Ray Griffith five yards away; and when a lot of chuckle-heads are standing by and looking on with expressions betraying their hopes that you will be thrown to the lions, the independents or something.

Boy! How that girl did act! She just made you want to soak Rockcliffe with a stand of lights. That was yesterday and I'm still feeling the effects of it.

—O—

As a companion piece to Phyllis' reversal of the dope



Q In "Trouble with Wives," Dorothy Chandler is part of the atmosphere. She's why husbands take the air.

I learned something about assistant directors which is sure to interest you. You have probably regarded them as obsequious varlets who kow-tow to the stars and say "Yes, yes! Mister Hokum" with a rising inflection every time a director opens his mouth. I know I did. I thought assistant directors were one rung lower on the social ladder of the cinema than the publicity men, which is low enough. But it seems as if we have all been wrong again and the numerous jests about the Uriah Heepishness of directorial understrappers and satraps are evidently all wet.

Kenneth Hawkes, Clarence Badger's assistant, is the one who upset the dope. He was being badgered by Rockcliffe Fellowes because of some of the direction Hawkes had given him during a scene.

"You college boys think you know what the public wants, but you don't," Fellowes growled. "Who d'ye think the public wants to see — me or Kenneth Hawkes?" Rocky added with elaborate irony. He thought he had Hawkes on the wing. That was evident from his expression.

"Well, Rocky, I think it's about fifty-fifty," Hawkes answered without hesitation. "I know they don't want to see me!"

Thus you see Rocky, as the old copy books had it, was hoist on his own petard.

—O—

Fanny Hurst is out here conferring with Jesse Lasky, Paramount west coast chieftain, anent some high-powered story she has in mind. She is the antithesis of Elinor Glyn, the lady with the leopard complex, and tells this one on Madame.



“This is exactly how worried Adolphe Menjou is over the fact that —

They met in Paris recently. Elinor engulfed Fanny.

“We must see a lot of each other,” Elinor burbled.

“We artists have so much in common!”

“I didn’t know whether to laugh or scream,” Fanny told my informant. “But when I looked in her eyes I knew she was serious so I just burbled back at her.”

“George Nardelli, an exact replica of Menjou, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to appear in a number of pictures.



The sand fleas down at the Santa Monica Beach Club and the Santa Monica Swimming Club are seeing a lot of the movie famous these days. Getting a taste of the movies as it were.

Every afternoon the beach is crowded with those whose names are so familiar in electric lights the country over. Those who don’t swim loll on the spacious verandahs and keep the conversational ball a-rolling.

Norma Talmadge has opened a marvelous pink house high up on the cliff overlooking the Pacific and many gorgeous parties are given there.

George K. Arthur and Alf Reeves, Charlie Chaplin’s manager, have closed up the grocery store they were operating in Hollywood. It was a de luxe affair and boasted an elaborate sign, done in forget-me-nots, to wit:

“Actors pay in



“Neil Hamilton’s engaging smile and his spirit of youth won him the lead opposite Betty Bronson in ‘The Golden Princess.’”

advance.” . . . The actors didn’t.

—o—

Charlie McHugh, the old character man, has a noble goal. The other day on the set at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer he broadcast the fact that some day he hoped he would have enough money to loan some to every actor who touched him.

“Lend me two-bits, Charlie,” Conrad Nagel ventured as McHugh’s words died away.

“Sorry, Conrad,” McHugh replied, “I was just hoping.”

—o—

One of the mighty movie magnates has a nose which takes rank with that of Cyrano de Bergerac’s and through it he became the butt of one of Mickey Neilan’s waggish ten-strikes.

Neilan and a faithful Achates were in a club



“Jackie plays nurse to his brother, Robert Coogan.

when the mighty movie magnate entered and struck a pose near a column, ostensibly awaiting some one.

“Isn’t that So-and-So, the big movie gun, over there?” Neilan’s friend queried.

Neilan peered intently at the man for a full minute and then shook his head.

“Why I’m sure it is,” the other persisted.

“No,” said Mickey, “It’s just an old Franklin car.”

—o—

This same movie magnate is the butt of this added classic. He is said to have been discussing some play with a confrere one day when the latter said to him:

“There’s a fly on your nose, Izzie.”

“You knock it off,” Izzie is said to have answered.

“You’re closer to it than I am.”

Needless to say Izzie is not his name.

—o—

One of the well-known stars is quite a singer and often heard over the radio. She was on the air the other night and gave those who are on the inside in Hollywood a long, loud, lusty laugh.

At the present time she is very much interested in rising young comedian — very interested. For the sake of the story we will call him William Jones.

After the applause, following her rendition of a sent

mental ballad, had died away, the star came on the air again in her own dulcet speaking voice, thusly:

"My next number will be 'Let Me Linger Longer in Your Arms,' as requested by Mr. William Jones, the Ooffus Brothers' star."

—o—

Erte, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wizard of color and gowns, emitted loud squeaks of anguish in the lot cafe the other day.

He ordered a combination salad. When it was served to him he almost swooned in his chair. He covered his eyes with shaking fingers and bleated:

"Take eet away! Take eet away!"

When the offending victuals had been whisked away, Erte sauntered into the kitchen and explained to the chef his color arrangement was all wrong and had offended Erte's artistic aura.

Erte then re-arranged the vegetables in the salad in the order of their chromatic vibrations, or what not, before daintily consuming it.

—o—

'Way back in the early days of the cinema Dot Farley wrote a three-reeler for Warner Brothers entitled "Perils of the Plains." It cost \$1,800 to make and is still being shown. Its net profit to date is \$55,000.

One of the Warner Brothers asked her recently to add a couple of more reels to it and they would revive it as a feature.

"I should say not," Dot replied. "If I did, I would have to sue Jimmy Cruze and Lasky for plagiarism because they made 'The Covered Wagon'."

—o—

Beautiful Mae Busch was covered with confusion upon her recent return from New York. It was rumored here while she was in the east that



☞ Gloria Swanson always the envy of every "well-dressed woman" in Hollywood. "The Coast of Folly" will be released shortly.



☞ Louise Fazenda does her daily dozen between scenes during the filming of "Bobbed Hair."

she was engaged to Lew King, brother of Henry King, the director.

Larry Kent, the F. B. O. juvenile, met her at the train, fighting his way through the swarm of reporters seeking verification from her own lips of her reported betrothal to the other L. K.

"Are you engaged to Lew King?" one bold scribe ventured in the face of Larry Kent's black gaze.

Mae bit her lip in obvious dismay and then refused to discuss it.

Mae has a little golden anklet chain which carries a little golden plate with initials graven on it.

"I hope the initials 'L. K.' are on it," remarked the disgruntled scribe as he watched Larry Kent covering Mae's retreat through the train-time crowd.

—o—

The news that King and Florence Vidor's marital bark is truly shipwrecked has been heralded far and near after more than two years of speculation. It is now rumored that she is to marry George Fitzmaurice, the director.

Selah!

—o—

Adolphe Menjou's nose is out of joint! And Jesse Lasky is gnashing his teeth — Lasky's teeth, not Menjou's, because Adolphe is probably gnashing his own. The reason is — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed up a Chicago palpitator who looks more like Menjou than Menjou does himself, according to the press agent. But to me the palpitator looks like Menjou would like to look. His name is George Nardelli. Ain't he grand!



☞ No, no, it is NOT a balcony scene! Walter McGrail, Warner Baxter and Raymond Hatton are being summoned madly to finish filming "A Son of His Father."

They Say



By
MARION of HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD again—the land of sunshine and roses, earthquakes, heat and troubles; the Mecca of those who aren't here and the Waterloo of so many already arrived, whose pilgrimages have really only just started. Spring has come and gone, summer is flying along, and the silly old goldenrod is telling the poor kids that school and autumn are beating them in the race against-vacation-time. And all the time the years are rushing by, too. The kids remind you of that, because they no longer stay kids! Look at Jackie Coogan—yesterday “The Kid,” today a great big boy and putting away childish things; Irene Rich, with a graduating daughter; Tom Moore at the studio proudly showing off that once little daughter of his, now grown to a young lady. Yes, Hollywood's like every other place in the world—growing up.

“Hotsy-totsy, old thing.” Theodore von Eltz to Teddy, Jr., his heir. The youngster has a deep scowl—what a screen villain HE'LL be!

I MET Leatrice Joy on the Boulevard the other day walking along by the Egyptian Theatre, and before I had a chance to tell her how beautiful she looked, she said:

“Say, the baby's got two teeth—two wonderful teeth, right in front! You ought to see her! She's great!”

“Yes?” I gasped. “Two real teeth? Absolutely? Can you beat that for a marvelous baby!”

And because little Leatrice is the proud possessor of the most natural thing for her to be possessing, I don't yet know whether or not her mother attended the grand opening of “The Gold Rush.”

AND while I'm talking about their babies, I have to tell you about little Gloria Swanson. I guess all mothers cherish the funny little things that make their babies different from any other.

At Gloria's house the other day, little Miss Gloria trudged into the room, clutching something to her small breast.

“Darling, what have you in your arms?” asked her mother.

“Well,” said the miniature Gloria, “to you it's just a doll, but to me it's my own little baby.”

I've often told you about the jovial Herr Lubitsch, how he radiates joy and spreads his happy cheer around. For the first time, I've seen him cry. Sometimes I envy these



“The Lucky Devil” himself.



Photo by Russell Ball

“The heroic and tragic rôle of “The Vanishing American,” Zane Grey's great Paramount picture, required a player of wonderful physique as well as one of real artistic ability; and so Richard Dix will play the part.

emotional, deep-feeling foreigners—their joys and sorrows seem so much more real than ours. When Friend Lubitsch came to this country, he brought with him a young countryman of his, Herr Blanke, who has been his assistant, pal and comfort ever since they arrived in Hollywood. Now Herr Blanke has left for home again and Lubitsch is destitute.

Can you imagine a banquet for an honor guest with no honor guest arriving? When Blanke's friends at Warner Brothers gave him a banquet, he didn't show

up once during the evening. He said he couldn't make the grade—he couldn't last through the thought of leaving Hollywood, his friends, and the America which has become home to him. And then at the station seeing him off! Remember the old war pictures of brave soldiers receiving medals, and along with the medals a resounding kiss on each cheek? If you remember that, then you have a



Whenever Noah Beery plays the villain, the film becomes a "production." "Wild Horse Mesa" is his latest.

picture of Ernst Lubitsch saying good-by to Henry Blanke, with tears streaming down their cheeks.

EVERYBODY has an eye on the movies and everybody yearns for just one chance before the camera. The other day over at Universal another new face appeared in Hollywood. The daughter of the President of the Mexican Republic was on hand playing a part in a Universal picture. It was a very small part, but it was a part, and it certainly proves the glamor of the movies.

"THE PONY EXPRESS" is going to be a success. That is absolutely settled, and the picture has just started. James Cruze, who is making the picture, has one great superstition. When he starts a production, some member of his staff flips up a silver dollar—it must be a dollar. Jim calls the coin. If he wins, the new picture will be a success; if he loses—well, it doesn't look so good. And this time, according to the coin, "The Pony Express" is to be a winner.

THE best news of the month is the progress made by the Grand Old Man of the Screen, Theodore Roberts. I guess nobody knows quite what "Daddy" Roberts has been through, and what's more, I guess



Photo by James N. Doolittle

Hugh Allen, now fully recovered from the broken arm which prevented his playing with Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney," has been signed by First National, and his first picture will be "Joseph Greer and His Daughter."



“Hot Dogs!” Whippet racing in Hollywood with Conrad Nagel and Pauline Starke at the starting line.

nobody ever will quite know. He visited the studio the other day for the first time in many weeks, and he acts much more like the old “Daddy” Roberts I used to know than he has for a long time. The jovial smile on his face seems to come more from the heart than it did, and Hope has won out with the odds tremendously slim. The Grand Old Man is still in his wheel-chair, but the old-time pep is coming back, and before many moons he assures me the chair will be thrown in the discard. And when it comes to soldiers, even though medals are not passed around to such as Mrs. Roberts, we here in Hollywood know the greatest reason for the comeback of one of the best loved faces on the screen.

ONCE again the wedding bells resound. What do you think of Jacqueline Logan marrying Ralph Gillespie and then being whisked away on a location trip? What do you think of Helen Ferguson marrying William Russell? And what do you think of Viola Dana marching off and marrying “Lefty” Flynn? I think that’s putting it over on an innocent and unsuspecting bunch of admirers. And on top of all that, I hear that Constance Talmadge is smiling with favor on the young “Wanderer,” William Collier, Jr. I wish I could get some definite information on this last. Nobody seems to want to tell, least of all the two young culprits. I know the other night they sat in front



“A mesa is a table-like plateau. One appears in “Wild Horse Mesa.”

of us at the theatre, enjoying each other’s company immensely. They’ll most likely do like the rest of them—come up smiling and married out of a perfectly clear sky. But that’s not all—there’s some one else, too. The only trouble with this some one else is that it’s a tremendous secret. Oh, yes, it’s all set—absolutely, and I promise so faithfully not to tell that I “dassent” even hint. You know who it is immediately. When it is tellable, I’ll let everybody know if they’ve guessed right!

THE joy of a “Wardrobe Sale”! You have to attempt to get the real thrill of it. One is just over at the Lask Studio, where rack after rack and shelf after shelf of dresses, hats, coats, shoes and bathing suits of the players were on sale. It’s quite breathless, and you get so excited you see nothing for the first round of things. After that



“It’s hard to be unhappy as this when you are as happy as Dicky Brandon. He has a part in Zona Gale’s “Faint Perfume.”

you settle down to business, and before you know your bargain-filled soul is beaming and basking in the luxury of beautiful things, perhaps a little soiled or the least bit torn, but marked from those prices so far above your pocket-book down into the dollar, two dollar and three dollar region. It’s a grand and glorious feeling to get the chance at a studio “Wardrobe Sale.”

THOSE of you who have been in Hollywood have seen the Egyptian Theatre and you know that from the street to the entrance of the theatre is a long stretch. In Hollywood we call it “running the gauntlet,” because at an opening this long runway is crowded with people, and the players have the long walk up from their machines right in the “face of the populace.” “The Gold Rush” opened the other night, and with the rest of the crowd, I watched the favorites arrive. As I’ve told Ernest Torrence so many times, for some reason or other the funny old

crowd gives him a most hearty round of applause. It was the same way at this opening. The next day I met Ernest, told him I tried to tell 'em all they were making a big mistake, and asked him how it happened he kept on being the same old Ernest, with the same sized hat-band, the same jolly smile and the same friend-to-everybody feeling when he really and truly ought to be up on a terribly high horse. He told me that he never ceases to wonder at the way we like him and he never ceases to ask himself if he's worthy of our approval. He said if he ever felt otherwise he could never listen to his praise and not feel shame at such deception to the people he calls friends. The canny auld Scotchman! He dinna ken at that hoo much we love him!

BELOW is pictured, as per the title, "Little Annie Rooney." The



Al Rockett — assistant to general manager Richard A. Rowland of First National Pictures — and Mary Astor. Miss Astor is now in New York making "The Pace That Thrills" with Ben Lyon.



Louella Parsons, Elinor Glyn, Ann Pennington and Morrie Paul. Miss Parsons writes the most read column of movie news in captivity for the New York American.



named the "Mary Pickford Sweet Pea." However, the curls seem to be Mary's, although they do look a little bit dubious, too. Here she is! What do you think of her?

ALWAYS, in the midst of a great disaster, there is found some reason for thankfulness. I refer to the

terrible Santa Barbara earthquake disaster. We here in Hollywood, not one hundred miles from the stricken city, realize how fortunate we are. But Montagu Love, who recently arrived from New York City, feels that he, more than any one else in the film colony, has reason to feel thankful. On the morning of the disaster Mr. Love was leaving Santa Barbara for Hollywood. At six he awoke, very sleepy and loathe to start the day so early. He turned over in his bed to continue his rest, and on the table beside him lay a few coins he had taken from his pocket the night

before. Half asleep, he says, he flipped a fifty-cent piece up in the air and called the coin. He lost; the coin said to get up. With that "Well, I'll get it over

main thing about the photo seems to be the "brik." I want to assure "Screenland" readers that this "brik" is not local and did not grow in Hollywood. Neither did the flower. And the striped gown was not designed by Hollywood modistes, either! On the set the other day Mary Pickford told me that she gets her daily laugh from looking at her queersome self as brick-laden, flower-bedecked "Little Annie Rooney." The flower, particularly, is a great disappointment, because Mary's garden is brimming over with beautiful flowers, some of them named in her honor. There is a Mary Pickford Rose, Gladiola, Orchid, and just recently a large, glorious Sweet Pea has been



The famous film star of Sweden arrives to make pictures in this country. Her name, Greta Garbo, may be changed by the all-wise Metro-Goldwyn Company.

with" speed he dressed and was on the road to Hollywood at 6:30. At 6:45 the quake came and his room was entirely demolished, the occupant of the next room being killed.

Some people call it plain luck; some say it's fate; and others term it the hand of God. However, Mr. Love is still so excited about it that he says he hasn't thought about terming it anything.

—o—
Noah Beery has one son — Noah Beery, Jr. To say that Noah, Jr., is worshipped by his father is conservative saying. Can



Ernest Torrence is one of the most individual of all the players. This is as he plays in "The Pony Express."

you imagine, then, the pride with which the young man's dad tells the rest of the folks around that for the second time in succession young Noah has won the scholarship of his school for being the first in studies in his class? Noah's so proud of the boy he can hardly keep his chest from bursting the buttons on his vest. And as a great reward, Noah has taken him on location with "The Vanishing American" company, way out in the wilds of Arizona. They're one hundred and sixty-five miles from a railroad, and had to ride that distance on horseback. Could there be any place much more ideal than that for a month's vacation?

—o—
I'm not sure whether the following is a knock or a boost for the fair-sex. I'm rather inclined to think it sort of a boost! George Fitzmaurice, now making "The Dark Angel," sent out a call the other day for ladies who can ride horseback. It sounded easy, but there was a catch. He meant ladies who could ride horseback, *side-saddle*.



Norma Talmadge, Frank Currier and Marc McDermott in "Graustark," Norma's next picture.



All work was suspended when Theodore Roberts, famous screen character actor, visited the Paramount studio after his illness. All Hollywood loves him and a million fans do, too.

That was a different thing, and a long, long list of "extras" were called before the required number was found. Some one on the set said he thought it a shame that women had become so masculine — all they wanted to do was wear masculine things and do masculine stunts. "Well," spoke up Vilma Banky, leading lady in "The Dark Angel" — who, by the way, rides side-saddle beautifully — "If we want to be masculine, wear masculine things and do masculine stunts, what a great compliment we pay the stronger sex!" And oh, the

look that went with it!

—o—
The youngest of the tribe of O'M has become a screen actress! She's three months old, her name is Mary Kathleen and she appeared with her Irish father in "My Old Dutch." I'm anxious to see the scenes to see if she looks like her father. Pat has a brother in the movies here in Hollywood, and as well as I know both, it's a divil of a toime I have to tell which is which!

—o—
Having returned from his trip to New York, London, Paris and parts West, Mix has bought himself a bee-yute new car. Some folks term it "nifty," a specially built Locomobile, a light color, with a stripe of brown around top of the body. I hope Tony's not green-eyed and jealous. But of course Tony never take a mere car to New York, across the Ocean and all over Europe with the way he did Tony!

—o—
The other day I went over to see Parker, who is going to direct Doug Fairbanks' next picture, about a little way from the production, and before I could get to his office I had to jump over a great Newfoundland dog that was fast asleep in the middle of the hall. I was quite disturbed about it. Later, however, I came, and he did the jump-over act; Mary and Donald Crisp; and the old dog didn't even lift an eye-lid. No one knows just who is the owner of "Pick-

Eighteen Great Adventures—Continued from page 27

decidedly Irish extraction: small, white teeth only placed in a somewhat wide mouth that always seems to be curved in a smile. The next one I met was Lorraine Eason, charming little girl who comes from the motion picture capitol, Hollywood. You can tell by her accent that she has lived in the south, so it was no surprise when I was told that she was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and lived there until three years ago. Then she lived in Havana for a year, and for the past two years has been playing all parts and leads in pictures on the east. She is quiet and rather demure, with soft brown eyes and thick, wavy, dark brown hair. From the slight droop at the corners of her expressive mouth, you get a pretty good idea that she has a well developed sense of humor, which is doubly entertaining when she makes some drily witty remark in her soft southern drawl. She likes to dance and ride, but her chief interest is in her work, which she takes very seriously.

By the time I had finished talking to Miss Eason, the party had broken into little groups, each animatedly discussing the glories and possibilities which were unfolding before them. They all seemed tickled to death to have such a golden opportunity presented to them, and more than once during my conversation with them I was glad that they just simply "couldn't believe it was true." I walked over to where some of the young men were getting acquainted with each other, and took a look at Robert Andrews.

This tall, well built chap, I found, had had a colorful career. After he finished grammar school in New York City, he went to Europe and spent several years in a traveling school which took him into every country on the continent. Returning home, he received an appointment to Annapolis, and studied there for about two years, but the war interrupted his course and he ended in the navy, where he served for three years. After the armistice, Andrews went into real estate in New York, but as this was too tame, he hied himself into the movies. He played as an extra and in small parts for a while until he caught the eye of a well known director who promptly appointed Andrews his assistant, in which position he helped turn out a number of popular pictures. He is over six feet tall, well built and fond of athletics. He has a calm, thoughtful air about him and seems to know exactly where he's going, and why. The second one of the group I talked to was an exceptionally "peppy" young man named Buchanan, who has the oddest first name in the school—Claud. He was born and reared in Boston (which may account for the name!) and attended Tufts College for three years. He is dark and slight, and his large brown eyes burn with the light of ambition and determination which augurs well for his success. He had been on the stage and in pictures for several years, playing in musical comedy and vaudeville and as a screen extra.

The tall fellow with the happy grin at Claud Buchanan's right I found to be Greg Blackton, a Brooklyn boy. This youngster has a determined jaw, a strong nose and deep set gray eyes, all of which go well with the pleasant smile which seems to be habitual with him. He also has traveled extensively and has lived in Argentina and Cuba for a number of years, playing leads in a stock company in the latter country. He has done some screen work, too, having

handled juvenile rôles in several pictures made by a small picture company. Blackton is an expert horseman and is interested in many forms of athletics.

The borough of Brooklyn, not content with able representation by Greg Blackton, has also contributed a very attractive young lady to the Paramount school. She is Ethelda Kenvin, who has spent most of her few years in Philadelphia, where she was born. Miss Kenvin is a decided blonde, with large brown eyes and a smile that lights up her whole face. For the past year or so she has been working as a model in a New York commercial photograph studio. Her chief recreation is swimming, but she alternates athletic pursuits with reading, in which she specializes on psychology and ethics.

Another candidate for stardom from the Golden State is Irving Hartley, whose birthplace is Norwich, New York, but who has been living in Los Angeles for the past two years, where he has been doing his bit in the movies. He is a well built lad of medium height and dark complexion—a distinct Latin type with very soft and expressive deep brown eyes. His hobby is photography, though he also tickles a wickered ivory and can be counted on to make the fourth in a male quartette any day.

Director Tom Terriss, the "prexy" of the school, tore me away from the charming Mr. Hartley and presented me to a real daughter of the South, Marian Harris. This young lady was born in New Orleans and lived there for some time. Several years ago she moved to Atlanta, and has been studying art and dancing. She has lovely wavy brown hair and blue eyes, wide-set in a face which wears an appealing wistful expression. Miss Harris has had some stage experience in stock companies in the South.

Talking to the Georgia beauty was a very personable young man who was born and raised almost within a stone's throw of the big studio in which he is now starting on the quest of fame and fortune. Walter Goss hails from Flushing, Long Island, and up to the present he has been commuting every morning to New York, where he was on the staff of one of the leading newspapers. He is tall, dark and slim, an expert horseman and poloist, and the holder of several local records on the track.

Tall, fair, exotic is Harriett Knauth, whose early years were passed at romantic Port o' Spain, in the British West Indies. More recently she has been living in Boston, where she has been interested in dramatics. Last year she played in Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Miss Knauth is keenly interested in swimming, and plays the piano well as an additional recreation.

Charles Rogers, the youngest of the male contingent, is a decided go-getter. A native of Olathe, Kansas, he has completed three years of a course at Kansas University, working his way all the time. His special way of making money was by playing in the college dance orchestra, where he jazzed things up on the drums and doubled in brass on occasion. His syncopated activities, however, didn't prevent him from actively entering athletics, and he made the college teams in baseball, tennis and boxing. He is six feet tall, and well built. His brown eyes hold a mischievous twinkle, and he has a wide mouth, upturned at the corners, which promises a fund of good humor.

Having talked to the youngest man, I sought out the most youthful of the young

ladies, whom I found to be little Dorothy Nourse of Roxbury, Mass. This youngster is dainty and sweet beyond description, with big blue eyes, a wealth of curly brown hair, and a smile that makes you feel at home with her right off the bat. In spite of her youth, Miss Nourse isn't without dramatic experience, having appeared last year in musical comedy in Boston. She likes to dance, and you can tell just by looking at her that she'd make an A-1 partner.

When it comes to pep, the gals from the south seem to take the well known cake. There's La Verne Lindsay, for instance, who had been keeping things lively in the big reception room while I had been talking to the other pupils. She was born in Weatherford, Texas, not so long ago. Moving to Los Angeles, she attended the University of Southern California, and then was employed by the local branch of a New York music publishing house to rehearse vaudeville acts for them. While in this work she developed her own ability as a composer (she is an accomplished pianiste) and several of her songs have been recorded on Victor and Brunswick records. She also studied dancing, and played small parts in pictures in Hollywood. In addition to all this, Miss Lindsay is an excellent tennis player and has devoted several hours a day to riding, swimming and golf.

Two girls standing by a window offered an interesting contrast. Both were rather tall and slender and seemed to be more or less serious and quiet. But in looks they were almost direct opposites. Thelma Todd, of Lawrence, Mass., is very fair. She has golden blonde hair and eyes the color of cornflowers. Her profile is almost Greek in its perfection from high forehead to softly rounded chin. The other girl, Mona Palma, is dark and willowy, with black hair softly framing her oval, beautifully modeled face. She seems to breathe life and vitality, and she has a spunky nose and a curved mouth that might be called "intriguing." Miss Palma speaks several languages and is greatly interested in music, while Miss Todd is more athletically inclined. Both girls have had experience as fashion models.

Their work in the movies and on the stage qualified William Dillon and Charles Brokaw for entrance to the new Paramount school. Brokaw is the son of a minister at Columbus, Ohio, where he attended college and won his Phi Beta Kappa key. Coming to New York he went on the stage and has appeared in many plays on Broadway and in road companies in support of such stars as Jane Cowl, Olga Petrova, Walter Hampden and Leo Ditrichstein. Dillon was born in Canada, but has lived for some time in California, where he has been working in pictures. Both men are of medium height and dark complexion.

Opportunity has knocked, and Paramount has opened the door—it remains to be seen how fully the lucky ones can take advantage of the situation. Certainly it is a representative group in personality, looks, education and experience. These boys and girls, coming from the ends of the country, selected after the most careful tests, are stepping out toward that goal which is the desire and secret longing of us all. Many of them will be the screen favorites of tomorrow. And while we may envy them and wish that we were in their shoes, yet they are such nice, wholesome, happy American kids that I'm sure we will all join with SCREENLAND in wishing them success.



CHARLIE'S HAUNT

☞ Syd Chaplin and his attractive home in Hollywood. The great success of "Charlie's Aunt" has established Syd on a plane with his famous brother.

Wanted: The Greatest Lover in the World

(Continued from page 33)

To those of you who decide to cast your lot and the possibility of future greatness in the hands of the above-mentioned judges, be advised of the certain requirements which must be met. Our NEW LEADING MAN must first of all be nearly six feet tall, he must be debonair, virile, handsome of physical proportions, a beau ideal. Above all he must be a clean-cut type of lovable American Boy, wide awake, active and smiling. He must have that necessary quality which will quicken the pulse of women, that will awaken in every girl's heart the knowledge that at last she has seen her Prince Charming. Last and far more important he must have the DESIRE to succeed.

Let us forget for the moment the glamour of a motion picture career, considering rather those simple yet important things necessary to success in any line of endeavor. The first quality for any "unknown" quantity is the desire to work for success. The judges propose to find a type of man not afraid of hard work, long hours, and many disappointments. We propose to discover a man of sincerity, one of ability to stand the gaff under trying circumstances, a man who will WORK TO LEARN. Remember there is not one known celebrity in the world today who rode on a wave of popularity to the highest pinnacle of success without good, old, honest HARD WORK. Robert Kane, producer, is himself an example of the successful man who reached the top entirely by his own efforts, and so is Sada Cowan.

In my own experience as an associate of Cecil B. De Mille (I started with him as a property man) I have handled some twenty-six thousand extras. Many of those who have passed under my direction have now reached an enviable position in motion pic-

tures — they worked. With thirteen assistants as Art Director for DeMille I have worked on such well-known successes as *The Whispering Chorus*, *Fool's Paradise*, *The Affairs of Anatole* and with Mary Pickford in *The Little American* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and with Douglas Fairbanks when he produced *The Knickerbocker Buckaroo*. In each of these productions it was work, work, work — and in each case the picture succeeded not only from an artistic standpoint but because every person connected with the production gave his all.

Mr. Kane has asked me to explain clearly the possibilities of a future connected with the winning of this opportunity contest, and I might first state that it is an absolutely sincere effort on his part to secure a new type for the screen. He will not promise greatness overnight, for quick success is never lasting. He offers only the opportunity—expert coaching in the art of acting, a place with an up-and-going concern, and the giving gratis of knowledge gathered over years of disappointments and success. Our NEW LEADING MAN will not be permitted to reach his goal overnight. He must prove himself worthy to accept future greatness before it comes to him. He will be given "a part" at first, his rise will be gradual, and within himself must lie the elements of a successful star.

I feel that our opportunity contest is one of the really essential things of motion pictures today and can safely predict that we will find our man. Remember, the chance is yours; our offer is nation-wide, and, above all, ours is a sincere and serious effort to secure for our future productions a man who will become the screen idol of the nation.

Cyrano de Bergerac

By Delight Evans

THERE will be plenty of people to enjoy the French production, in natural colors, of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the Edmund Rostand classic immortalized by Coquelin, Mansfield, and more recently by Walter Hampden.

In my quaint, old-fashioned way I prefer black and white on the screen to natural tints. They always take me back to the days when I gazed at bright-colored picture postcards through my little stereopticon. Although there has seldom been a more splendid splash of colors, I could have been more taken in by the tragedy of *Cyrano* had he appeared in mellow monochrome. However, I was not consulted; and I had to admit that this little import is a careful and courageous photoplay. It is moving, times, and Pierre Magnier, despite the profusion of gesture typical of his school and so strange to our eyes, presents a really excellent portrait of *Cyrano*. He wears his clothes as if he were not afraid or ashamed of them — an art his supporting actors were unable to acquire. Their plumes and swords seemed to be tickling them all the time.

Cyrano, like Jack Dempsey, was the greatest fighter of his time. But if *Cyrano* had known that he, too, was going into the movies, he might have followed Jack's example. In these days of plastic surgery would hardly waste time mourning because his nose wasn't pretty. He'd have bobbed!

In SCREENLAND for October Grace Kingsley reports "The Parties of the Stars" — a chatty story of Hollywood social life.

JOHN BARRYMORE

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greatest
Actor*



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"If it's a WARNER Picture, it's a Classic"

WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen

Madge Tests a Boy—Continued from page 37

gripped the toe of his shoe.

"Shine, Sah?"

Excellent idea. It would keep the barber from swinging the chair again.

Within the next half hour, Bruce tried everything the barber shop had for sale except a clay pack, and he didn't happen to think of that. His barber gave up trying to figure it out. Any man who would ask for a singe *after* a head-rub was beyond salvation. Bruce was very happy, however, for he had gathered from scraps of intimate conversation between Miss Mason and the friendly manicurist that the former was going to wear a stunning green sea-goddess sort of thing at the masquerade.

She passed him on the way out as he stopped to buy a cigar that he knew he would not smoke, and again she flashed him that friendly, spontaneous smile. The bald-headed custodian of the cigar stand extended the change, and Bruce, with one eye on Miss Mason, solemnly shook hands with the astonished old fellow.

The full view of the girl more than lived up to the promise of the limited view he had previously enjoyed. She was a dashing little thing, trim, firm, athletic, and vibrant with the joy of living. Her snug little poke-shaped hat of dark blue and her neat tailored suit of the same color set off her blonde beauty to perfection.

All this Bruce caught as she flashed by him. He believed that he returned her smile, but of that he could not be quite sure afterwards. A smart royal blue Riesler run-about stood at the curb, and as Bruce followed her to the sun bathed street with what he fondly believed was a nonchalant air, she climbed in behind the wheel and started the engine.

To Bruce's great joy he observed that while his divinity had been in the barber's chair, some vandal (may heaven bless his soul!) had backed his car up so close to the Riesler that it was impossible for the girl to clear her car. He saw a little shadow of a frown gather on her face as she tentatively bunted backwards and forwards to make steering space. To every man comes once a chance. Bruce felt slightly delirious as he lifted his imported fedora.

"You'd berrer let me push that carrupabit, Miss," he stammered. He sincerely hoped that she did not think that he always spoke like that.

Again that devastating smile, dimple and all. Ye gods, what would not a man do for a smile like that!

"If you would be so good," she murmured.

Would he be so good? He peeped into the big car ahead. It was vacant. He looked in front of the car and found that there was a good foot between it and the car in front. One hundred and sixty-five pounds of football trained bone and muscle were launched in a terrific heave, and the big car began to move. A big genial policeman, seeing the difficulty, sauntered toward the curb but by the time he had arrived Bruce, very red in the face, had slain the dragon.

"I think you can make it now," he said to the girl. This time his tongue behaved. He took out his handkerchief, wiped his hands, and whisked a smear of dust from his sleeve.

"Thank you so much." Her eyes lingered on him for a second in undisguised interest. "You are very strong, aren't you?"

In the exultation of his soul Bruce could have picked her up, car and all, and have

run around the block. His face grew a shade redder.

"My middle name is 'Beef'." He was sorry the moment he said it. Fancy mentioning beef in such a presence!

There was just a whimsical flash in her fine eyes, and the next instant she was easing the Riesler clear of the jam. Once clear, she looked back again and actually waved a daintily gloved hand to him before the car shot forward. Nothing but the presence of the khaki-clad constable prevented him from breaking forth into song.

The stream of vehicles suddenly ceased to flow as the traffic cop on the next intersection executed a neat fandango turn to the accompaniment of a shrill obligato on



Hope Hampton on location for the filming of "Lover's Island."

his police whistle. A few hurried steps carried Bruce to the corner. There was the royal blue Riesler jammed in between a brutal truck in the rear and a presumptuous flivver in front. Through the glass panel in the back of her car he could see the Vision—then his glance fell on the yellow number plate with the black figures—789-990. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Well, he thought of it now!

AN hour later, in purple bathrobe and Amocasin slippers, Bruce had shut himself up in the luxurious sanctity of his hotel room, and was doing his best to wreck his constitution in the composition of a note to Miss Madge Mason.

The greater part of the intervening hour had been spent in a frantic attempt to unscramble his particular Miss Mason from the two hundred and twenty-seven Masons in the Los Angeles and Hollywood directory. By cutting out the Abes, Johns, Theodores and the Mrs.s, he reduced the number to a working proposition, and with the aid of much courtesy and his entire stock of patience, he at last uncovered her first name and address.

Then he made a flying trip to her home in the ornate apartment on Los Palmas. He had a hazy idea of telling her something or other, but was not quite sure what. He had even gone so far as to ring her doorbell, but when the rather austere landlady came to the door his courage wilted like a thoroughly well chewed shoelace. He was tremendously relieved to hear that Miss Mason was not at home, and politely but

firmly refused to state his business.

And now he was finding it just as difficult to write what he had to say as it would have been to speak it. His waste-paper basket was filling with torn drafts of rejected ideas, and the air was heavy with cigaret smoke and confused thoughts.

He ran his fingers through the tangled mass of kinky brown hair on which the barber but recently expended so much loving care, and he sucked at the negative end of his pen as he glared at his latest attempt at explaining the inexplicable.

Dear Miss Mason:

You are the only girl in Hollywood who has favored me with her smile . . .

Blah! . . . Crunch! The sheet, tangled beyond reconstruction even by a sentimental chambermaid, followed the rest into the basket. Bruce got up and phoned for ice water.

He looked at his wrist watch. Two-

Snatching a clean sheet he dropped into his chair again and dived at the pen. With grim determination he recommenced his task.

Dear Miss Mason:

You will probably think I am either a crook or a fool, but please read this letter to the end.

I am the fellow who sat next to you in the barber's shop and later moved the car for you on the boulevard. Yes, "Beef." I am in Hollywood for a couple of weeks' vacation to recover from the shock of winning my B. A. I have been in town three days and have had a pretty good time, but I am as lonesome as sin for the company of a nice girl.

Although I carry good credentials I don't know a soul here and —

A rap on the door interrupted him and rather ungraciously he shouted, "Come in!" The door opened and a uniformed bell-boy appeared with a tinkling glass pitcher.

"Just set it down." Bruce arose and turned a quarter over and over in his hand.

"Do you happen to know anything about a Miss Madge Mason, the moving picture actress?" he asked, guilelessly.

The boy scratched his stubby red head.

"Don't know no Madge Mason. There's lots of Masons in pictures though. There's Dan Mason who played Pop Tuttle, and

"All right, George. That'll be all." The quarter changed hands. George flipped a finger in the general direction of his pillbox cap and withdrew, while Bruce took a long drink and went back to his task, poorer by twenty-five cents and wiser by nothing. He scanned what he had already written and seemed to like it. He dipped his pen in the ink and continued.

. . . and from what I can see, if I tried to speak to the kind of girl I would want to speak to, I would surely be arrested.

Now, I have a confession to make. I deliberately listened to your conversation with the manicurist and I know you are going to the masquerade at Venice to-night. I gathered that you will be escorted by some lucky fellow by the name of Bill. You were good enough to smile at me and I know you are a good sport. I will be at Venice to-night and I hope to see you. Will you try and ditch Bill for half an hour and give me the pleasure and honor of your company for that time?

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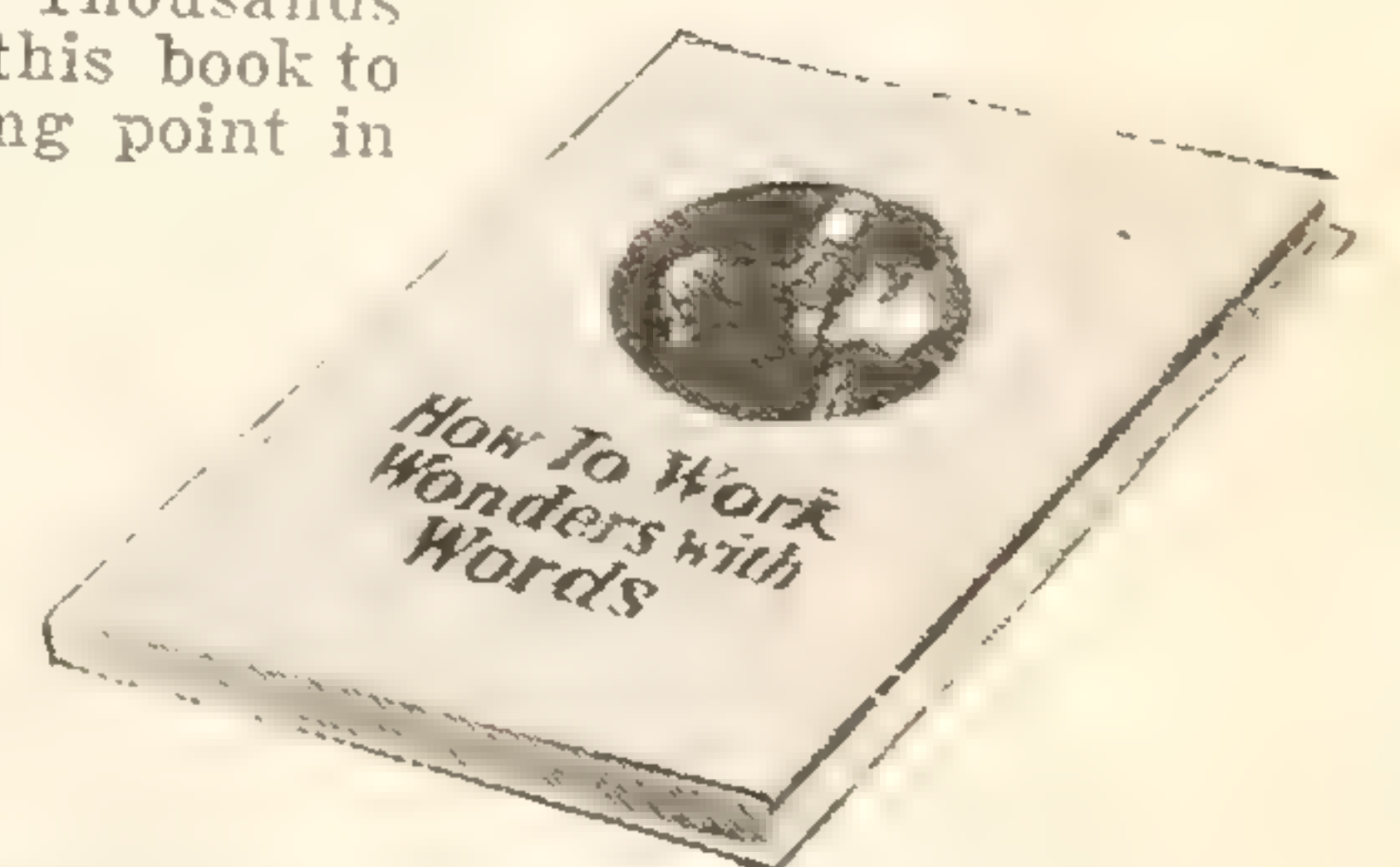
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I will be at the south steps of the canals from eight to eight-thirty. If you do not come I will conclude that you do not trust me, and if you do I swear that you will not regret it or be embarrassed in any way.

I hope you will not think I am a rotter.

Very sincerely yours,

BRUCE FARRELL.

P. S.—I will not risk the confusion of a costume but will wear a mask and a red carnation. Of course I mean in addition to the usual modest blue suit. B. F.

P. P. S.—I am sure electric green will suit you beautifully. B. F.

Bruce was perspiring freely by the time he had finished the letter. He got up and poured himself a glass of ice water and

pianos, gramophones, radios, ukeleles and human voices, all combined in a total effect of throbbing gaiety. High above all other sounds came the rumble of the giant roller coaster and the shrieks of the thrill seekers.

Bruce had an hour to kill, and he was very hungry. Following one of the main currents of traffic he entered a garish restaurant which had been recommended to him by his hotel clerk as the best place to eat. Even in the sacred precincts where the solemn rites of eating and drinking were performed there was an air of only partially subdued gaiety. There was a great deal of giggling and tittering all around him.

A couple of very flashy girls passed the table on their way out, and Bruce could have sworn that he felt the tickling swish of a paper "teaser" across the back of his

straight into Bruce's eyes. The young man had half risen from his seat; there was no mistaking his look of eager admiration. There was a strange little flicker in her fine blue eyes and her lips parted as if she were going to speak. Instead, however, she looked away with an almost frightened air, and slipped her hand in the crook of the caballero's arm. The brunette beauty looked strangely at Miss Mason and said something in a quick whisper. The caballero dropped his change into his pocket and turned to the girl on his arm with a smile of flashing white teeth and a confidential, loverlike attention. Together the three left the restaurant, but not before Miss Mason had stolen a glance at the young man who was sitting back in his chair, red to the ears.

Bruce had lost his appetite. Beside the caballero, who was evidently Bill, he was nothing but a person—a very ordinary young man. With the gorgeous Bill in sight of the glorious goddess, it was hardly likely that she would know that any other man was alive. Reluctantly Bruce was forced to admit that he had made a bit of an ass of himself.

Scarcely conscious of what he was eating, Bruce picked at his meal and then sauntered out into the jostling throngs. He looked at his watch and found that it was fifteen minutes of eight. He had said from eight to eight-thirty. It was quite absurd, of course, but he found himself irresistibly drawn to the scene of his self-appointed tryst at the landing stage of the gaily illuminated canals.

He lighted a cigaret and adjusted his black silk mask. With his elbows on the stone coping he dreamily watched the colored lights reflected in the shimmering water. A long streamer of crimson paper ribbon skimmed over his shoulder and touched the back of his hand. He seized the end and turned expectantly, only to find that on the other end was a blonde young "Svedeman" from North Dakota who laughed uproariously at what he considered the humor of the situation. Bruce smiled sheepishly, released the ribbon, turned his back on the big Swede, and resumed his reverie.

He looked at his watch again. Three minutes after eight. He began to pace slowly backward and forward on the parapet. A slim gondola slid gracefully up to the landing and discharged its noisy passengers, and the gondolier lifted an inviting finger to Bruce, who shook his head.

In the light of a big arc he stopped again to look at the time. Another ten minutes had slipped by. This was sheer foolishness, Bruce told himself. Why not admit his defeat and try and salvage what fun he could from the evening!

A firm hand touched his arm and he turned to face a tall masked figure in the costume of a Spanish caballero. Good lord—Bill! The flashing dark eyes behind the mask were staring at the pink carnation.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Bruce Farrell?" The voice was as cold as ice. Bruce squared himself for an unpleasant time. This was most regrettable.

"Yes. That is my name." He sincerely hoped that Bill would not make a scene, but would give him a chance to explain matters.

"Then you will perhaps guess what I want to see you about. Will you come quietly with me to some place where we can have a little privacy or shall I . . ."

Bruce raised a protesting hand. "I'll come because I want to. You needn't threaten."

"To a place of my choosing?" The question was like a rapier thrust.



A scene from Milton Sills' next picture, "The Knockout." It is a story of the logging country in Canada. This picture was taken on the Beauchene River, north of Ottawa.

drank it greedily. Gosh, he'd never have the nerve to send it! She would probably have him arrested on suspicion of being a professional "masher." He read the letter again, and on an impulse folded it and sealed it in an envelope. Crossing to the phone again, he called for messenger service.

He had hardly written the address before the boy was at the door, and before he could change his mind he thrust the letter together with the fee into the lad's hands, pushed him from the room, and told him to "beat it."

BRUCE was no rube. He had attended carnivals in Seattle, Portland, and Tacoma, and was not unaccustomed to seeing masses of pretty lights and flocks of pretty girls, but when at seven o'clock he stepped off the red P. E. car, with a pink carnation in his lapel and a black mask in his pocket, and caught his first glimpse of the gay little carnival town, he knew what the poetic gentleman meant when he said, "See Venice and then die"—or was it Naples?

The air was rich with the delicious warm odors of cooking, yet through it all there came now and then a sharp tang of the sea. Somewhere nearby an orchestra was playing "I Want to be Happy." Automatic

neck. He swung around hastily, but the girls were demurely paying the cashier.

More than ever did Bruce feel the lonesomeness of his position. There was no getting away from it; if a fellow wanted to have a good time in a place like this he either had to bring his own girl or steal somebody else's. Well, he hoped to be stealing Bill's girl for half an hour, very shortly. Just half an hour, that was all he asked, and he could die happy. Of course she would not come, but it was good fun to think she might.

Then it happened.

Threading between the crowded tables from a remote corner toward the exit came three young people who would restore sight to a blind man. The man was a tall, handsome fellow with crinkly black hair, dressed in the costume of a Spanish caballero; one of the girls was a slim brunette beauty in the black lace and velvet of a senorita; and the other girl was a young sea goddess alive with a million points of light reflected from her clinging costume of shimmering electric green and her incomparable copper hair.

As the dashing caballero stepped ahead to pay the cashier the two girls dropped behind a few steps, and Miss Mason looked



"But Your Highness doesn't even know who I am."
"Too true," sighed the Prince;
"I only know I have floundered
in the waves of your hair!"



Jacqueline
Harwood

—that night she danced with the Prince

The Most Thrilling Moment of my Life

by Jacqueline Harwood

When I first got to Paris, some months ago, I was the most excited girl you ever saw. How eagerly I anticipated the many delights of this capital of youth and gaiety, to say nothing of the myriad receptions, balls and other affairs to which I had entrée through my friends among the inner circle of the American colony!

During the next few weeks my life was one lovely dream, but there was one great disappointment in store for me. Frankly, I didn't seem to meet with my usual success at these social affairs. Finally in desperation I begged my trusted friend, May Norton, to tell me what was wrong.

"If you'll notice," she started, tactfully, "you'll see that all the real popular girls here have very thick hair and keep it beautifully marcelled. The men of France are very critical about a woman's hair, and——"

She didn't need to finish her sentence. That was where the trouble lay—my tousled, scraggly hair!

May tells her secret

"But what I can I do," I asked anxiously. "I have had marcells galore. My hair looks fine for a while, but soon it's straight and scraggly again."

"That's just the trouble," May replied, "you've been having it marcelled too much. It has taken all the life out of your hair."

May hesitated a moment and then walked over to her dresser. Opening the lower drawer, she pulled out a queer little elastic contraption and a bottle of liquid.

"I used to have the same trouble you're having," she continued, "until I learned about this curling cap. I got it just before I left home—and since then I've never had any more trouble with my hair."

It took but a moment for her to explain how this simple curling device worked; how it put in the waves without applying heat and, by always getting them in exactly the same place, trained the hair to stay marcelled.

In a second, May had a towel about my shoulders and was giving me an actual demonstration of her new discovery. I could hardly wait the fifteen minutes it took for the curling fluid to dry. Finally, when May removed the cap and told me to look in the mirror, what a delightful surprise it was! Instead of the unruly, scraggly locks I was accustomed to seeing, there was the loveliest marcel I had ever had!

On with the dance!

The next night was to be held *le Grand Bal Masque*, which it was rumored Prince Dimitri was to attend incognito. Before dressing that evening, May let me try her curling cap again. This time my marcel was even more beautiful, so I went to the ball with pulse beating fast and hope running high.

About midway of the evening I noticed a pair of burning eyes focused on me. They belonged to a tall, graceful young man whose handsome face was only partly hidden by a tiny mask. His regal bearing told me here was the Prince. The rest seems like a dream to me.

I remember being held in the strongest arms I've ever felt. I remember floating through the most beautiful waltz I've ever heard. I remember a stroll through the conservatory, where a melodious voice murmured "sweet nothings" in my ear. I remember many other dances with the fascinating Prince and hundreds of envious eyes that followed every step.

I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. It was my night. Yes—thanks to May Norton and an ingenious American inventor—that was my night!

You may be sure I was never a "wall flower" after that. Immediately I ordered a curling outfit for myself, and as I continued to use the remarkable Curling Liquid and Curling Cap my hair constantly became thicker, glossier and more wavy and I became more popular than ever.

Try it at our risk

Thousands of girls and women will have Miss Harwood to thank for this opportunity, for at her suggestion, we are going to give them a chance to convince themselves of the remarkable results they can get with McGowan's Curling Cap and Curling Fluid without risking a cent. Ninety-eight women out of a hundred who try this Curling Cap are most enthusiastic about it and can't say enough in its favor. They are the best advertisements we could have, so naturally we are anxious to get the McGowan Curling Outfit into their hands as quickly as possible.



To put on the Curling Cap simply extend the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair. Then with the fingers or an orange stick, you puff out the hair in little "waves" and let them dry in this position.

(Pat. p. pending)



After you have adjusted the Curling Cap you can read or finish dressing while the Curling Liquid is drying. It takes only 15 minutes and then you will have the loveliest marcel you ever saw!

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't have to risk one cent to try the McGowan Curling Outfit in your own home. Simply sign and mail the coupon. When the postman brings your outfit, just pay him \$2.87, plus a few cents postage; and your marcel worries are at an end. After you have tried this magic Curling Cap and Curling Fluid for 5 days, if you are not perfectly delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded without a single question.

If you are tired of wasting your time and money on expensive beauty parlor marcells; if you have trouble keeping your hair marcelled and looking its best; if you want the beauty that rich, glossy, curly hair will bring, don't put it off another minute. Sign the coupon now and mail it right away. Remember, you do not risk a single penny.

FREE with every
order

A Bottle of McGowan's Shampoo

For a limited time we will include with every order, absolutely free, a bottle of McGowan's Shampoo, one of the most delightful products of the kind ever. But you must act immediately if you want to take advantage of this liberal offer, for we can't afford to extend it indefinitely. Mail the coupon today.

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The McGowan Laboratories

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Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Curling Cap, Curling Liquid, and a bottle of McGowan's Shampoo. I agree to deposit \$2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return outfit to you within five days and you are to refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



Agnes Ayres and her pets in the backyard of her home in Hollywood.

"Sure thing!" Then Bruce's face went crimson as he caught the full meaning of the words. Why—the crazy loon!

"Come!" The Senor Bill caught Bruce by the elbow in a grip which to the care-free crowd must have seemed like good comradeship, but Bruce knew how much comradeship there was in that touch.

Together they descended the steps to the landing. A gondolier, in response to an expected signal, poled his craft close in.

"Get in!" snapped Bill.

Bruce stared at the cold, hard face and gestured impatiently with his hands. "See here, there's no sense in . . ."

"Afraid?" The sneer cut Bruce to the quick. Without a word he stepped into the gondola with a velocity that threatened to capsize it, and Bill took a seat beside him.

As they passed under an ornamental bridge, Bruce again essayed to speak, but his truculent guide cut him short with a single word, "Wait." Presently they slid in to the bank at what appeared to be a private landing, overhung with a curtain of peppers.

"Get out!" Bruce obeyed the command with considerable misgiving, but was determined to see the thing through. Bill followed after paying the gondolier and whispering something in his ear.

The gondola slid away out of sight. Bruce felt the touch at his elbow again and allowed himself to be led through a little wicket and into a splendid private garden. The grounds were festooned with Chinese lanterns and the full moon shone on a patch of well-kept lawn surrounded by ornamental and shade trees on either side of a path which led up to the verandah of a neat bungalow on the far side. The building itself, Bruce noticed, was in total darkness.

At the edge of the lawn Bill stopped and Bruce whirled to face him. Both men peeled off their masks and put them in their pockets.

"What do you weigh?" demanded Bill.

"A hundred and sixty-five—stripped!" re-

plied Bruce in a daze.

"Too bad for you—I can give you ten pounds. Take off your coat!"

"Just a minute—Bill. I'm sorry I don't know your other name . . ."

"Never mind my other name—Take off that coat!"

Bruce stared hard at the Senor. Hard as nails and in the pink, he concluded—and ten pounds to the good.

"All right, if you are set on making a fuss I suppose I'll have to accommodate you, but before I do I want to tell you that fool as I was to write that letter, I'm on the level. I don't blame you for being sore, but I have done nothing to be ashamed of and you'll get no apology from me unless I hear from a certain young lady's own lips that what I have done has offended her.—And I'd take a licking any day for one of her smiles. Now, if you insist, let's go!"

It was rather a breathless speech, but Bruce was glad to get it out of his system. For answer Bill threw off his gorgeous coat, tossed it on to a short clipped hedge, and coolly rolled up his sleeves. Bruce followed suit, and advanced to what he had every right to believe would be utter annihilation. Even so, he could not help feeling a tingle of romance in his veins.

He advanced slowly and warily. Bill came forward with an easy, catlike tread. Bruce threw up his hands in self defense and then stopped dead, for a startling change had come over Bill. The scowl had disappeared from his pale face and was replaced with a pleasant smile, while his hand was extended, palm upward.

"All right, Farrell. Guess we've gone far enough," he said.

Bruce could hardly believe his eyes and ears. Was this some trick of Bill's to take him off his guard? Bruce dropped his hands and Bill stepped in close to him and grasped his fingers.

"But . . ." Bruce's mind simply could not accommodate itself to the swift change in conditions.

The Senor chuckled, pulled on his coat, and helped Bruce on with his. "I want you to come up with me to the house," he said, and linked his arm in that of the very much astounded young man.

As they approached the bungalow there was a rustle on the verandah, a fluttering scramble and a sudden bang of a screen door. The next second the lights flashed on in the house. A strong suspicion—a wild, delirious, delightfully embarrassing suspicion crept into Bruce's mind. Mounting steps that seemed to be composed wholly of feather pillows in Bruce's mental elation, he found himself ushered by his new friend into a brilliantly lighted and elegantly furnished but unoccupied room.

"Just grab a seat, Farrell. I won't be a minute."

The Senor Bill stalked through the room and passed through a hidden doorway. Bruce dropped gingerly into a huge overstuffed chair that still carried an elusive trace of a delicate perfume. A musical peal of laughter was abruptly smothered in the next room.

There was a slight rustle of silk from the inner doorway. Bruce looked up and leapt to his feet, for there, with one hand on the drapes and looking at him with a shy interest, was the gorgeous sea nymph in the shimmering green costume and the wonderful copper hair.

"Well. Haven't you anything to say to me?" There was a saucy challenge in the words, and in the tone of her voice.

Bruce could not say all he would have liked to say, but he managed, "I think you are very beautiful, and a royal good sport, Miss Mason."

She extended a firm little hand which Bruce took reverently in his.

"I have been lonesome myself," she said with a dimpling smile. "And I am in the habit of doing unconventional things, myself."

"And Bill is a good scout, too," Bruce added, enthusiastically.

A burst of rippling laughter checked his enthusiasm.

"You mean Gerald—He's not Bill. You see it's rather complicated. Bill is my sister, and she is married to the man who brought you here. He is Gerald Cranston—the amateur boxer—We knew you would jump to that conclusion when we saw you in the restaurant."

"Then the Spanish senorita . . ."

"Yes, that's Bill! She owns this place, and we thought—or at least Gerald thought of the plan to give you what he calls the third degree, to see what you were made of. He thinks you are all right."

Bruce was thinking furiously as she led the way to the verandah and looked out over the moon-bathed lawn.

"And what do you think?" Bruce's heart was pounding as he waited for her answer. She was silent a moment as she watched the shadows on the lawn.

"Would you?" she asked, suddenly.

"Would I what?"

"Take a licking any day for a smile from a certain young lady who shall be nameless?" She picked idly at the tendrils of the vine, her beautiful head in soft profile. "You see I am an eavesdropper too."

Bruce flushed as he raised her hand to his lips in a gesture of old-time chivalry. His action was of the years that are dead, but his words were strictly 1925.

"Take a licking?" Their eyes met and he grinned a wholesome, boyish grin. "Why I'd even risk another shave, shampoo, head-rub, shoe-shine, hair-trim, clay-pack, or what have you!"

And he got his smile—dimple and all.

They Thought I Was Bluffing



—When I Told Them I Learned Music Without a Teacher

YOU could have heard a pin drop in the room! I had just finished playing Rubinstein's "Melody in F." My friends were actually dumbfounded—they couldn't believe their ears. At last I was the center of attraction instead of a mere onlooker! It was just like a dream come true!

"Why, you didn't know a single thing about music not so long ago, Bob"—"How in the world did you ever do it?" A note of half envy, half admiration unconsciously crept into their voices after they had recovered from the unexpected surprise which I had just furnished. "Yes," said Jim, "what sort of a trick have you played on us—I thought you weren't musically inclined." "Oh, he's been taking lessons for years and has kept it a secret"—followed Betty and Sue in rapid-fire succession. "You can't fool us though, you never learned to play that well without a teacher."

"Well, you're all wrong—every one of you," I replied, chuckling with glee. "I'll admit that a short time ago I didn't know one note of music from another. And as far as special talent goes—well, I never had any. And although I had always longed to be able to play the piano it was more or less of an empty dream. For I just couldn't stand the thought of learning music from a teacher and going through a lot of monotonous scales and exercises. It just went against my grain.

"So I've just contented myself with sitting around envying others who could play—watching them have

all the fun. Until one night last March I was reading a popular magazine and suddenly an announcement caught my eye. It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. At first I laughed, like you folks, I thought that such a thing was a joke. Somehow or other I didn't believe it was possible to learn music by mail. But that announcement set me wondering. So I decided that the only sensible thing to do was to investigate. And—well, you know the rest."

From the very beginning I was enthusiastic about my wonderful course in music. Each new lesson was better and easier than the last. Everything about them was so simple that a child of eight could understand it. It was great fun—actually as fascinating as learning a new game. And I always played real notes and catchy tunes. No tricks, puzzles or makeshifts of any kind.

Now I can play any piece of music, whether it's a ballad, jazz or classical number. And I never have to refuse when I'm called upon to entertain. No more lonely nights for me. Now my life is just a joyous round of gay parties and admiring friends.

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time through this startling method, which has already shown 350,000 people how to play their favorite instrument. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day.

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Organ	Harmony and Composition
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Saxophone	Trombone
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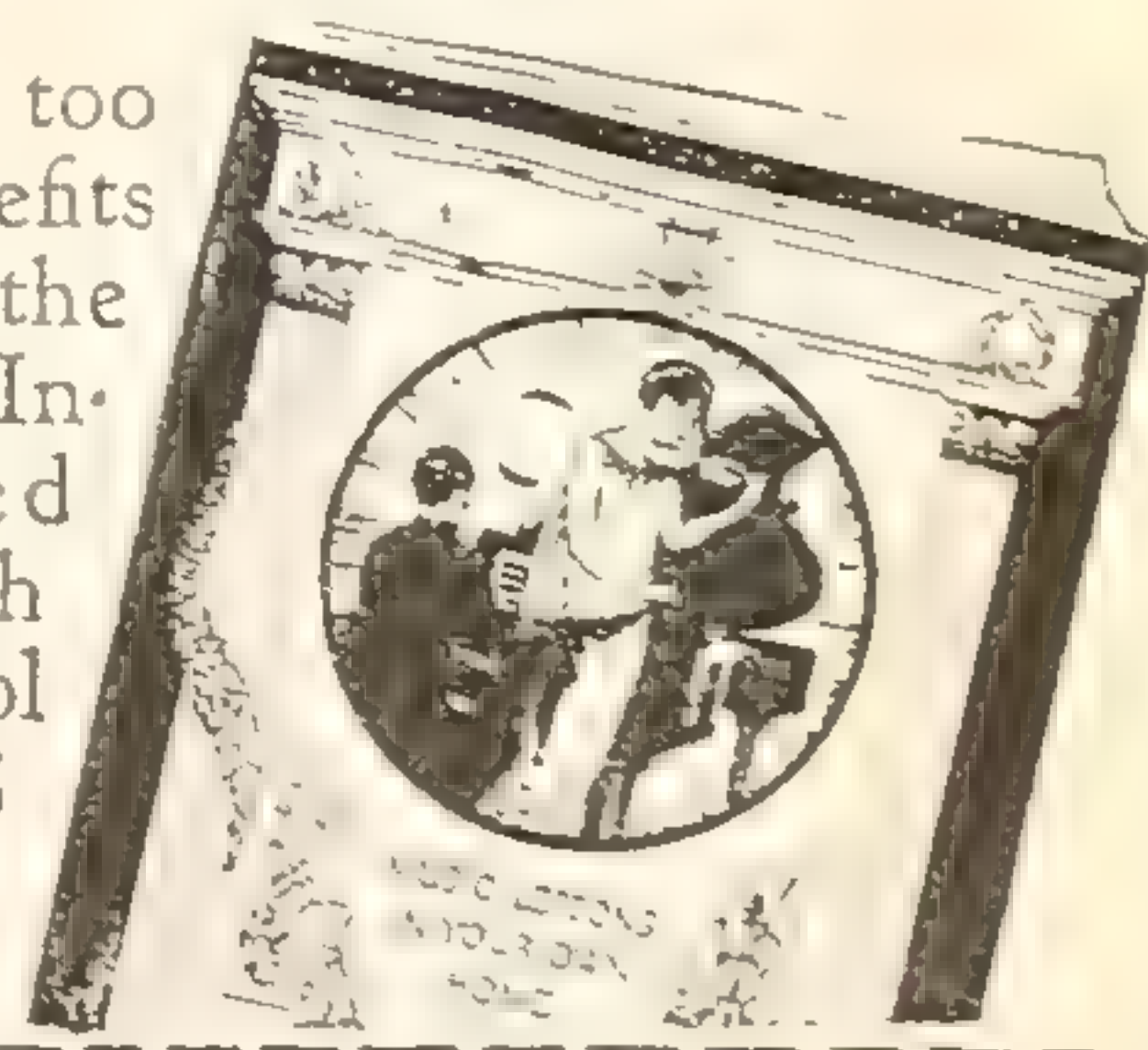
No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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In order to make it clear to you—to show you just how and why it gets results twice as fast as any old-time method—we will send to you upon request an interesting free booklet and a valuable demonstration lesson that will make clear the method by which so many thousands have learned. The method is the same for all instruments.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really do want to gain the proficiency in music that will add to your happiness, increase your popularity, and open the way to greater income—ask at once for the free booklet and demonstration lesson. Getting them will cost you nothing and place you under no obligation. Right now we are making a Special Offer to a limited number of new students.

Now—before it's too late to gain its benefits—sign and send the convenient coupon. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3229 Brunswick Bldg., New York City



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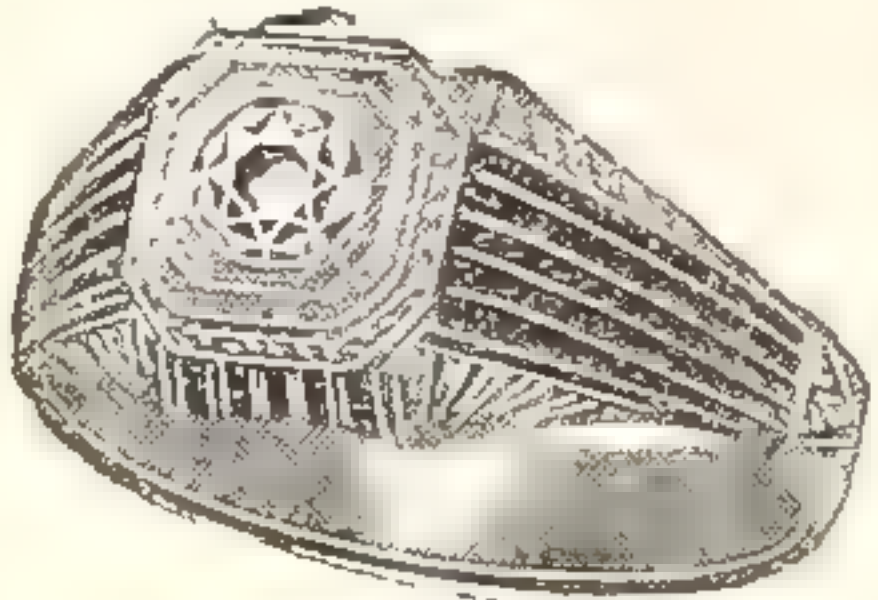
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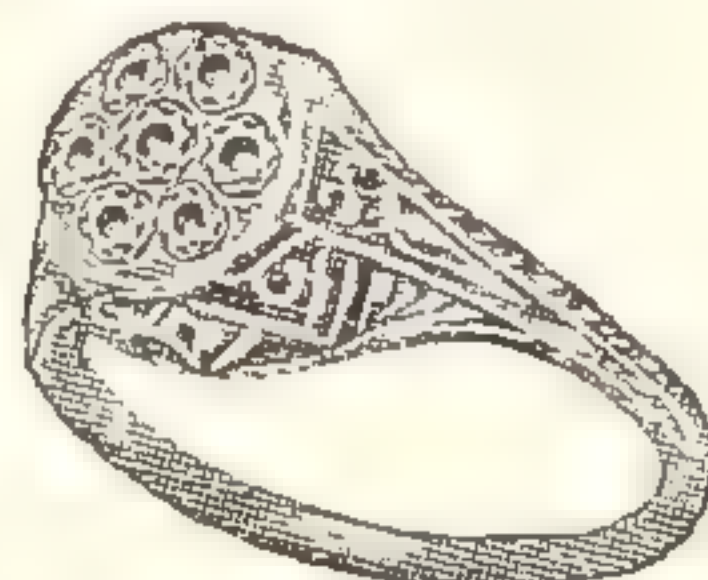
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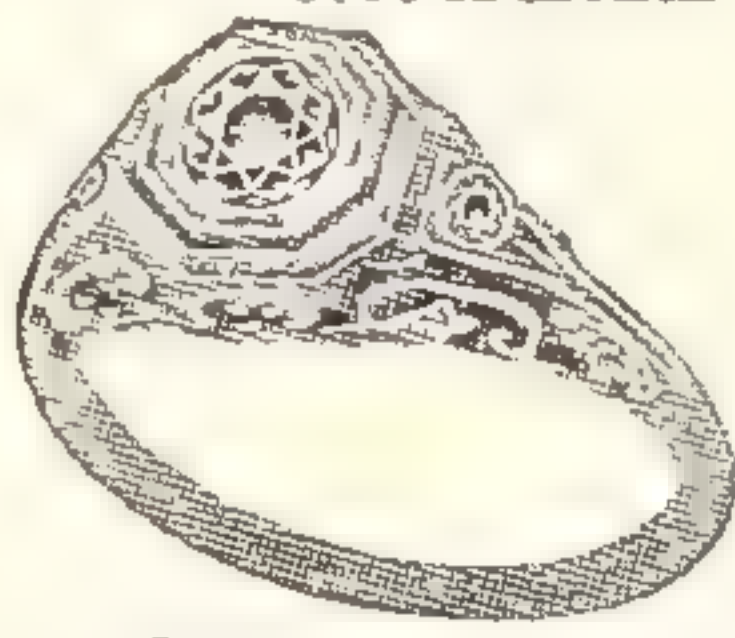
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Terms \$2 Down 5.30 A Month



A-20 Genuine AA1 quality blue-white Diamond set in attractive 18k White Gold hand-carved mounting with regular-cut Diamond on each side of Shank. Would sell for \$75. Special Sales Price **\$52**
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☞ The leopard does his stuff on the sinking "Mandalay." Doris Kenyon and Lloyd in the same picture with three kinds of death.

If You Want Variety, Try Making Movie Thrillers

(Continued from page 25)

deck on a pile of wet canvas. I hated sleeping there but when I saw them uncomplainingly turn in I rolled over and slept—dreaming of the downy beds I had figured the stars always demanded.

We got another boat the next day and all started for location in high spirits. We lived aboard the steamer *Pastime*, but worked on the former Shipping Board steamer *Corvallis* which Hudson had bought for the picture and had renamed the *Mandalay*. Twenty-five miles off Sandy Hook we anchored and prepared for work.

The schedule: rise at five in the morning. Breakfast at five-thirty. Start work at six. Lunch of sandwiches and coffee at noon. Work until the sun went down. Then dinner aboard the *Pastime*, usually around nine o'clock. Nothing to do until five the next morning!

"The Half Way Girl" is a drama laid in Singapore and the Indian Ocean. The water off Sandy Hook served as the Indian Ocean and there, hour after hour, while the *Mandalay* rolled and rocked sickishly, these stars did their stuff before the camera so that the movie fans throughout the world might enjoy their picture. And some of the things they did—whew!

Well, Lloyd Hughes spent the greater part of two days down in the dirty hold of that steamer, with smoke bombs filling the entire hold with dense clouds of stifling smoke. Now and then in the course of the action he would come up for air for a few minutes while the cameraman "shot" him sticking his head out of a tiny hatch. He was black as coal at the end of each day and his eyes were inflamed and red. He would cough all night but when morning came and he had freed his lungs of the smoke he did it all over again.

Thrilling scenes showing the steamer on fire were staged. Gasoline and gunpowder were placed in the hold. A match was touched. A property man would lift up the hatches and the flames would shoot ten feet in the air. Amid these flames and the accompanying smoke, with the blazing sun pouring down from above, Hughes, Miss Kenyon and Hardy worked hour after hour. Every minute provided a new thrill

not in the script. Danger threatened on every side. Time clocks began to look more inviting.

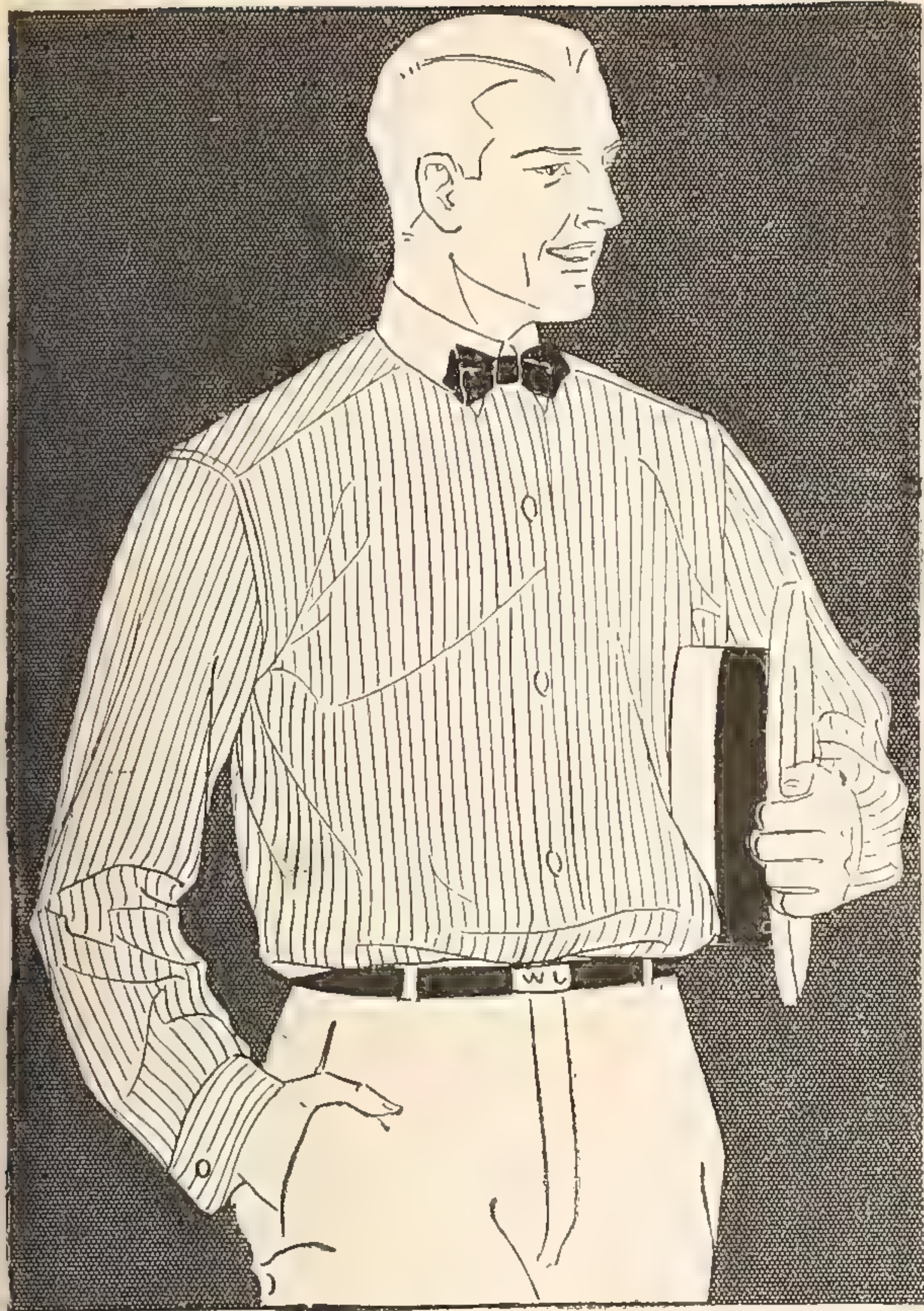
A real leopard was a big part in the picture. Miss Kenyon, Hughes and Hardy worked on deck with the leopard which snarled and snapped and every moment threatened to jump on them. There was nothing between the leopard and the actors. Yet the three stepped into the scene as though the leopard were a harmless house cat.

In another scene where the leopard is supposed to kill Hardy, I stood spellbound while Hardy clung to the bottom of an upturned lifeboat with the leopard slinking snakelike along the boat in an effort to reach Hardy's head. I wouldn't have given Hardy five cents for his job then. Again Hughes, armed with only an oar, fought the leopard in a lifeboat, finally pushing the brute into the sea. Just before that Hardy and a group of men and women were dumped forty-two feet from a lifeboat which upset as it was being lowered overboard. Some of these people knew they could not swim, but they took their chances without a murmur.

Then came the thrill of thrills! The company was taken off and the *Mandalay* towed one hundred and twenty-five miles to sea, where she was to be blown up as the climax of the picture.

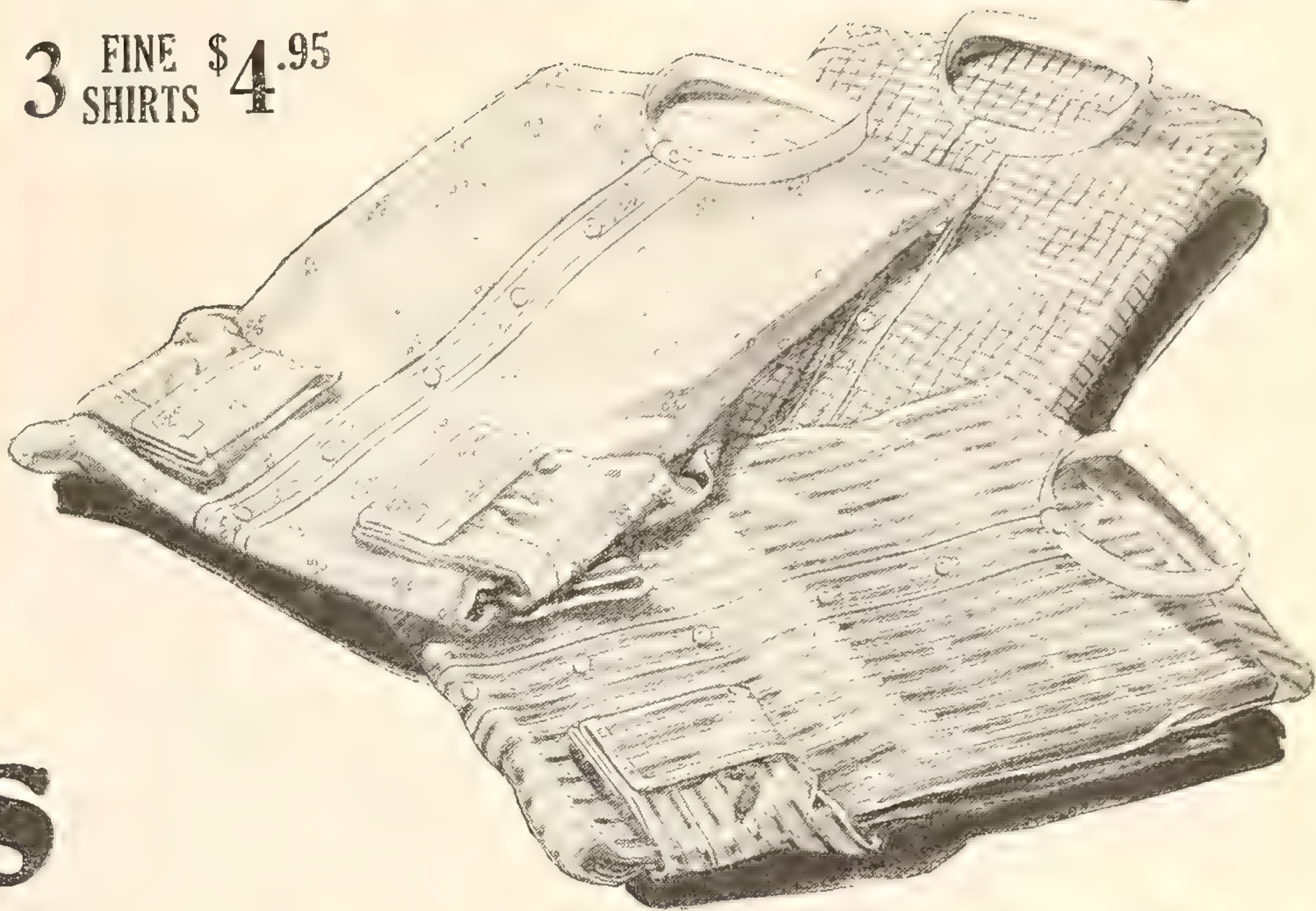
Ten tons of dynamite and one thousand pounds of blasting powder were placed aboard. Five tugs loaded with cameramen and assistant directors, and the pleasure yacht, *Alicia*, with Earl Hudson, Assistant Director James Dunne, the writer, and representatives of a dozen other magazines and newspapers set out in the wake of the *Mandalay* at eight o'clock in the evening.

The first hour out of New York was a merry one for the party aboard the *Alicia*. Then lowering clouds blotted out the moon and a few forked streaks of lightning streaked the sky in the distance. Rumbles of thunder sounded from afar, and soon a terrific electrical storm broke. A forty-mile gale whipped up the sea, rain fell in torrents, lightning played everywhere. But the *Alicia* kept on. Hudson, the producer,



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Don't take my word for it. Just think. Men's shirts are covered all winter with coat and vests, they get shabby and worn and torn. Men don't pay so much attention to them during the winter months. But when summer comes what happens. Off come the coats and vests and men have got to have new shirts—shirts that they can be proud of—and that's why more shirts are sold during the summer months than any other time of the year.

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You have read my announcements before, you know what I claim for my shirts and you know that I wouldn't still be in the business doing more and more business every week, constantly climbing, if my shirts were not all that I claim them. You know that they must be fine shirts—and they are. You know that they must be well cut and wonderfully well made—and they are. You know that they must have in them not only good materials but beautiful and attractive patterns that men want—and they have. I don't have to tell you that again.

AMAZING LOW PRICE

Quality is one point but when you can offer that quality at the amazing low price of three shirts for \$4.95 then you have got something. And you get a dollar on every sale you make. Offices, factories, stores, garages, and places where men are employed, would give you profits of from \$5.00 to \$20.00 on every call. One man in an office will send you to four or five others. Bargains like this are not found every day. Result: sales that are almost automatic.

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"In the letter find enclosed 8 orders for your Fashion Wear Shirts, which I have sold without any effort at all, in less than ten minutes' talk. Which proves that I made a day's wages in ten minutes. Find it very interesting."

—Michael X. Zeto, Ill.

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"A few days ago several of the boys here ordered some of your Shirts and were well pleased with them. I ordered 2 Combination Silks myself. Now I want you to send me 3 assorted Shirts, 4.95, and oblige one of your Customers. All of the boys want to put in another order."

—John W. Grant, N. C.

Wear outfit entirely free. No deposit, not one cent to pay for it now or at any other time. Simply send your name and everything you need to start right out making big money will be sent by return mail postage prepaid and absolutely free. If my men were not making real money—making sales from the material that I send them you know that I couldn't make an offer like this. But Fashion Wear shirts are the sensation in direct selling today. Remember I am not offering you \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year. I sold shirts myself too long to make any such wild claims. But I do know from what I have done and from what my own men are now doing that any man who is on the job can easily take seventy-five orders a week and the live wires should have no trouble in taking from 100 to 125 orders. I have men doing it so I know it is possible.

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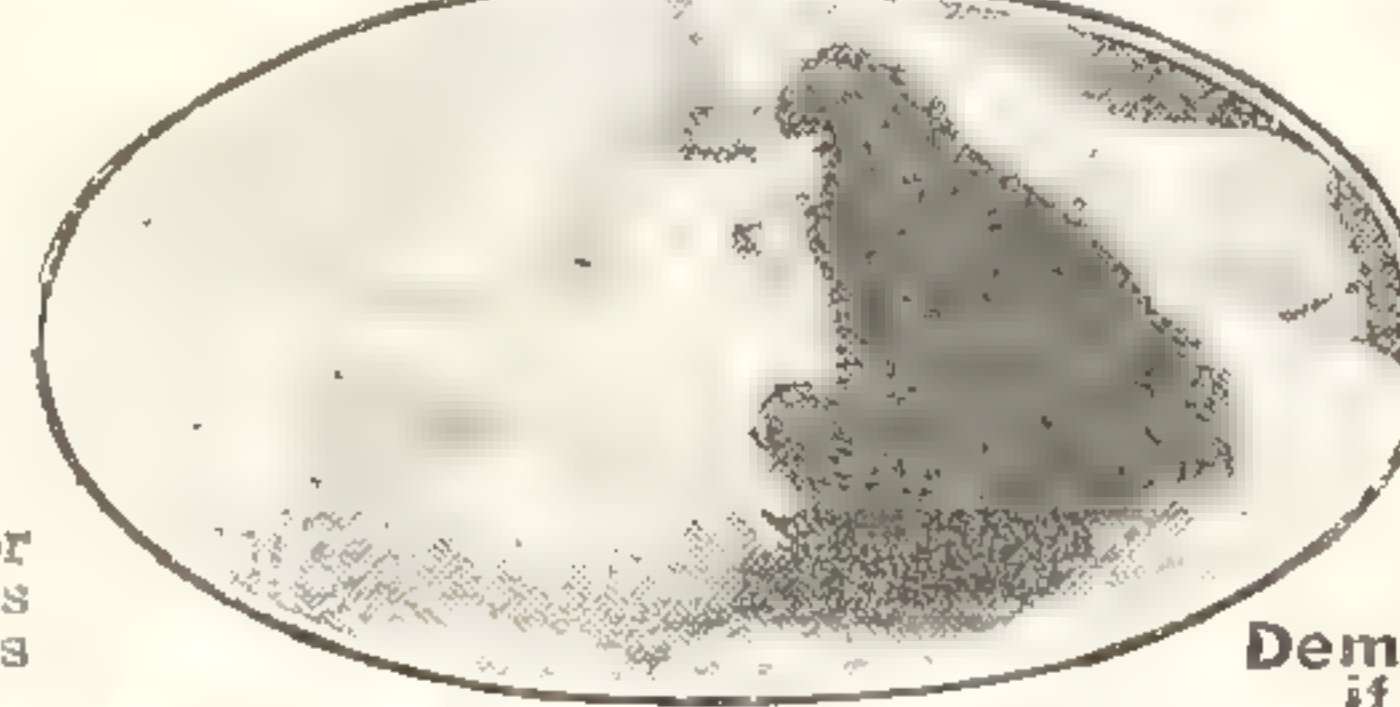


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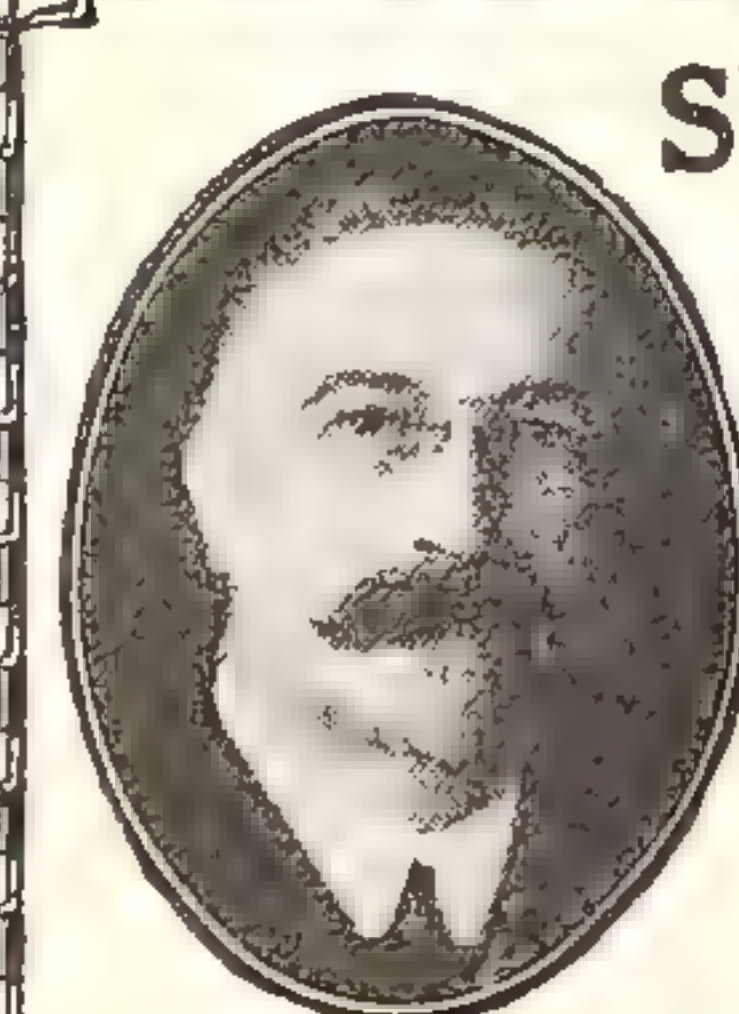
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and Dunne, the director, were needed for the sinking of the ship. Soon all were sick and turning a pale green. On the storm tossed. Tugs were in a like situation, but duty called, and the *Mandalay* had to be blown up. What price monotony now?

In the morning only Hudson and a handful of writers could walk the decks. Even the cook, who had been to sea thirty-seven years, was flat on his back on the floor of his galley. At two in the afternoon the *Mandalay* was picked up and all was set to blow her up. Hudson had his megaphone to his lips when the revenue cutter *Seneca* appeared and ordered the *Mandalay* taken twenty-five miles further out to sea.

At seven o'clock that night the fuses were lighted and in a half hour the *Man-*

dalay, two hundred and eighty feet long, and weighing four thousand tons, was at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and another thriller had been made for the movie fans. One tug was left to clean up the ocean of wreckage. The tug left before it should have, and the *Seneca* fired a shot across her bows, took the cameramen and studio manager back, and held them at sea for twenty-four hours without food or water. More romance of the movies!

I wouldn't want to go through it again. But there you are, it would not happen again; tomorrow it would be something different. That's the movie game, the most fascinating work on earth with the best fellows and the loveliest girls—I wouldn't swap jobs with Coolidge!



(C) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on location making "Wild Horse Mesa."

Lois Moran is Ready

(Continued from page 23)

pathetic struggle for success in her young life. Rather have opportunities been handed to her.

Which conclusively is the strongest indication that the natural, normal type of girl is in demand. For Hollywood is everlastingly filled with the so-styled flapper type, all of whom are so much alike that one would answer as well as another.

But Lois Moran is certainly a type unto herself, I thought as she sort of breezed into the room. As natural and graceful as a tree in the wind. About five feet two she is, weighing one hundred seven pounds. Unashamedly large is her mouth, most expressive because of this fact, and because not painted with the usual stock-pattern cupid's bow.

Her ash-brown hair is not bobbed, and—oh, happy surprise!—parted so that her ears are wholly exposed. At which you

may not wonder, seeing their nude beauty in the accompanying pictures.

Not that Lois herself is beautiful. She certainly is not, according to screen classics. But she is a refreshing, unusual and almost pre-historic type. Spirituelle or roguish as the mood demands. Her voice, diction and enunciation come first to one's notice because of their trained perfection.

"That is because Mother made me study French and dramatic expression for three years," she explained unconcernedly. "Then you know I have been rehearsing to play in *The Wisdom Tooth* which will open on Broadway, New York, in October."

"You tell her, Billy, how it was just luck that you got this chance," interrupted Lois' mother.

"Oh, you tell her, Angel-face," countered Lois, these pet family names punctuating the entire interview.

Men! Here's a Contract

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Alois Merke
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Save Yourself From Baldness. Stop Falling Hair.
Here is Your Contract—Grow New Hair in 30 Days
Or This Trial Won't Cost You One Cent.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

THAT'S clear, isn't it? I make no conditions. No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this offer stands. I don't care what treatments you've tried without results. Scalp foods, massages, tonics—here is a new scientific system that will give you a new head of hair—or I pay the whole cost of the treatment myself.

How am I able to make this amazing offer? The answer is simple. The Merke System of hair growth is founded upon a very recent scientific discovery. I have found during many years of research and experience in the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are NOT dead. They are merely dormant—asleep!

It is an absolute waste of time—a shameful waste of money—to try to penetrate to these dormant roots with oils, massages and tonics, which merely treat the surface skin. You

wouldn't expect to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark—you'd get at the roots.

And that is just what my scientific system does. It penetrates *below* the surface of the scalp. It stimulates the dormant *roots*. It wakens them. The tiny capillaries begin to pump nature's own nourishment into them. Hair begins to grow again. It takes on body and color. No artificial hairfoods—no rubbing. And here's the wonderful thing about this system. It is *simple*. You can use it at home—in any home that has electricity—easily—without the slightest discomfort.

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"I used the Cap for 30 days when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming and now my hair is very near as good as it was when it first started to come out."

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Harry A. Brown, 21 Hampton Place, Utica, N. Y.

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write in daily about the wonderful results that I gladly make this offer. Here is your contract—try this remarkable treatment for 30 days. Then if you're not simply delighted with the new growth of hair—write me at once. Say that my system hasn't done all I claimed for it—and I'll see that the 30 day trial doesn't cost you one cent.

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Charlie Ray comes back as the rustic boy in "Some Punksins." Duane Thompson is the sympathetic country girl.

And so I learned, duet like, the chronology of Lois. Born to the name of Dowling, Lois lost her father in infancy. Her stepfather, Dr. Timothy Moran, also Irish, came into her life when she was but three and a half years old. Right lovingly and wisely did he help supervise her physical education until his death in service during the world war. Covered by layers of luck were the next few years. First Lois passed a perfect physical and mental test, and entered the Horace Mann school in New York at the age of ten, ahead of a waiting list. Later she was admitted to the Opera Ballet in Paris on first application, when only those exceedingly promising are given its desired free training for two years.

Then a foreign production company just "happened" to see her pictures in a photographer's studio and at once gave her starring parts in two pictures. When she followed advice and mailed some of her photos to Samuel Goldwyn there seemed nothing but luck in the fact that he met her in Paris and offered her the part in "Stella Dallas."

Lady Luck evidently accompanied them on the ocean trip homeward. The two were lunching at the Algonquin Hotel in New York with Beulah Livingstone. Marc Connelly, sitting near, noticed Lois because she seemed different. Knowing Miss Livingstone, as all Broadway does, he went over to her table, was introduced, and offered Lois a part in his play, *The Wisdom Tooth*.

"And now," finished Lois, "I can try both the spoken and silent drama before I finally decide on a permanent career."

Suddenly Mrs. Moran said, "Better get your wheel, Lois, as you will have just about time to ride to the studio."

Not long was I left wondering what was meant by "the wheel," for Lois rides a bicycle back and forth to work.

"We think it is such good exercise," said the mother.

"Shall I need to wear a hat?" asked Lois, child fashion. She is just that kind of a girl.

"Luck will help her decide in choosing between the stage and the screen," finished Mrs. Moran as she watched Lucky Lois

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You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

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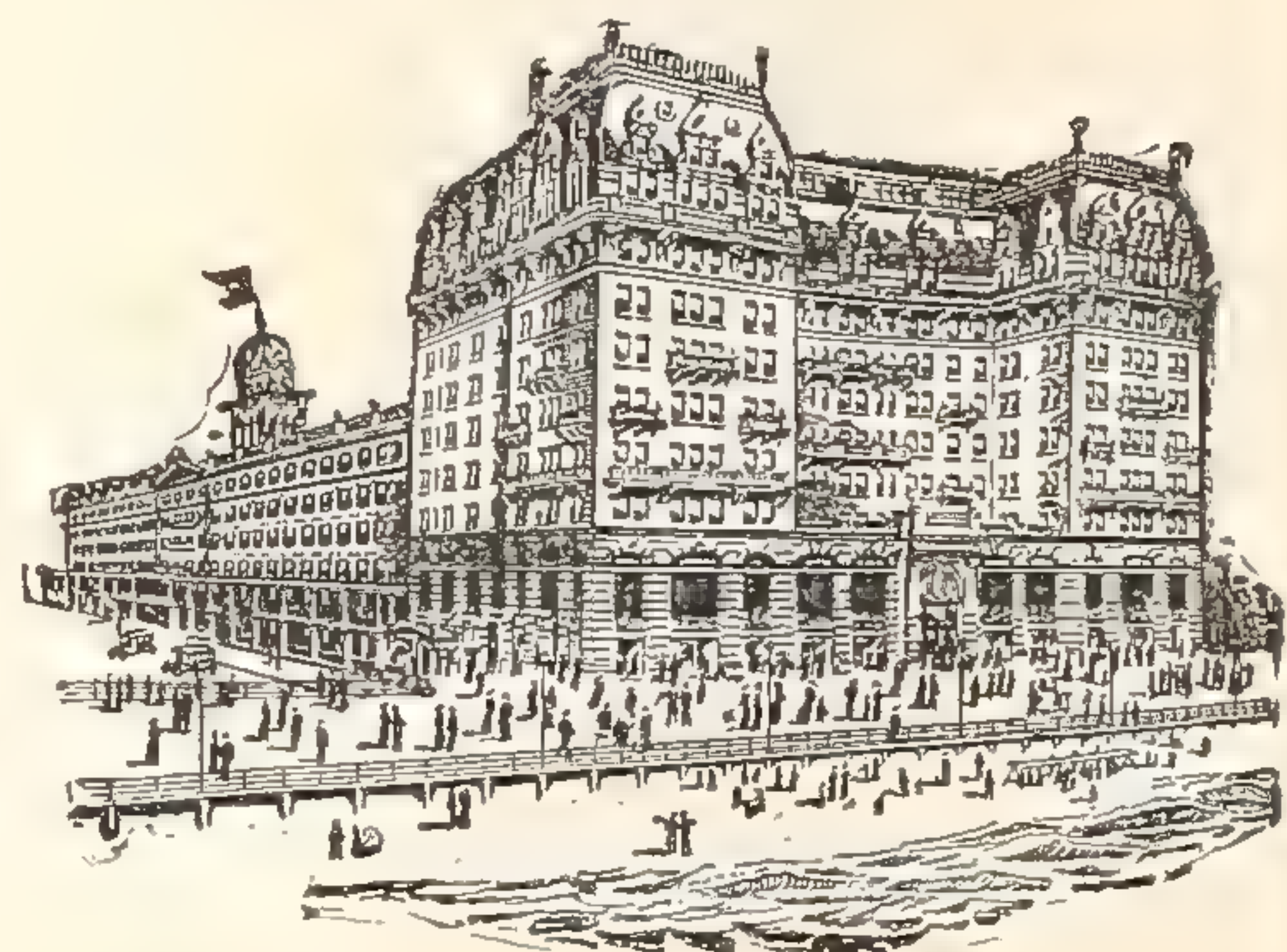
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Joke All You Want About This New Way To Be Popular —

But Read What Albert Mead and Thousands of Former Wall Flowers Say About It!

By ALBERT MEAD

I USED to think a fellow was crazy to try a stunt like this. It seemed positively ridiculous to think that anyone could become popular by learning to dance. And that's more, I couldn't believe that learning to dance by mail was possible—especially in a case like mine where I didn't know one step from another!

So every time I saw an advertisement like this, I just laughed. And I took great delight in making fun at some of my friends who were taking this new course. But it wasn't long before I saw that the joke was on me. Slowly my friends seemed to be drifting away from me. They were always going to a party—always having 'barrels of fun.' I was left out of the fun. Then the girls with whom I used to be so chummy, began to pass me by.

Well, I'm only human after all. So, the next time I saw an advertisement of Mr. Murray's, the famous dancing authority, in a magazine I gave it a chance. I read it through and when I saw that I didn't have to buy anything but that I could learn all about the short-cut to popularity from this Free 32-page book, I mailed the coupon.

And that started it. The illustrated free book that came in return mail was so convincing and the free test lesson was

so simple that I felt sorry to have hesitated all these months. I eagerly sent for Mr. Murray's complete course.

A Great Surprise

And I received the greatest surprise of my life the day the lessons arrived. I opened the first page—and right there—before I was really aware of what I was doing—I was actually doing one of the steps. In a few minutes I had mastered that step. It was so easy—so fascinating that I could hardly believe it. It was real fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions.

The following few evenings I was mastering the Waltz, the Fox Trot and other delightful new steps. It seemed so easy—so perfectly

natural. And the remarkable thing about it is that I needed no music or partner. It seemed as if Mr. Murray himself were standing by my side gently directing, gently pointing out the right way or the wrong way to dance. And before I realized it, I was practically through with the course. I could hardly wait for a chance to dance at a real 'affair.'

My big chance came the following Saturday night. It was the annual class re-union dance. All my former classmates and their 'best' girls were present. Jeanne was my partner.

The music started. I rose with a thrill. Jeanne was wonderfully light and easy to lead. We glided across the floor like professional dancers.

The band played. I led Jeanne gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like an expert, keeping perfect harmony with the music.

The 'old gang' stared at us in amazement. They couldn't believe their eyes! The transformation was too sudden for them. I laughed to myself and Jeanne's smile of understanding thrilled me.

When the music stopped we found ourselves in the midst of a group of smiling, friendly, admiring faces. It was a complete triumph. And to think that just a few weeks before I couldn't dance a step!

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But don't think of enrolling yet—not until you've read Mr. Murray's remarkable new 32-page booklet that is packed full of illustrations, not until you've been thrilled by the first 3 lessons which also come free. You'll enjoy Mr. Murray's book immensely, because it tells all about Mr. Murray himself, how he became private instructor to the "400," how he devised his easy home-study dances, how he taught over 250,000 people to dance by mail, and particularly how he can teach you to become a graceful, versatile, popular dancer in a few enjoyable evenings. And you'll enjoy reading his 3 remarkable lessons because they prove to you beyond a shadow of doubt that you too can easily learn to dance this new way.

Get this free book and lessons and read them carefully. They can mean the difference between a life of happiness, of friends, of good times—or a life of misery, loneliness and monotony. Mail the coupon at once and enclose only 25c to cover postage and mailing. Arthur Murray, Studio 490, 801 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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"I have been more than pleased with the knowledge of dancing that I have gained from your course. From the fellow that could hardly take a step to the fellow that takes almost all the dance prizes that are ever offered here for the best dancer, that's what it has done for me, thanks to your wonderful and pleasant way of instructing by mail which made it possible for me to learn."—G. J. N., Houston, Texas.



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Solid Form



Joseph Schildkraut has abandoned stage, temporarily, anyway, to appear before the screen on the De Mille

crank up her two-foot power vehicle and happily fade away.

But we all know it is not luck! I looks, plus.

One year ago there would have been place or part for a Lois Moran type. When I talked with Samuel Goldwyn about pronounced reaction in picture demand predicted a decided change in the motion pictures.

"The flapper type was a fad, just as vampire was some years ago," he said. "But the American public always comes back to the clean, wholesome type that whole American family can see without embarrassment. Lois Moran and Vilma Bar both of whom I brought over here from abroad, are of the type which future pictures will require for real public approval."

Wondering if other producers were getting the same reaction I asked Cecil Mille for his opinion. He was most decided. Said that one of the most interesting observations in his twelve years' experience had been the total failure of artificiality to retain long a hold in the picture business. "The pendulum has swung once more," he said, "and we are again returning to normalcy in the characters for our motion picture plays. The public, every so often in its demand for change and variety, turns for a time to artificial types. Such lapses are always in the nature of fads and always we find the public returning to those pictures who look and act most like people who meet in every day life."

The natural type of girl will always stand out in motion pictures, in spite of the temporary popularity of other types. Type is not the type, modern girl or old-fashioned girl, Lois Moran is offered a place here and a part there because she is trained to meet the demands of the screen and stage.

Success this year is passing by the sophisticated to offer to the Cinderellas the chances, but if you study as little Lois Moran studied, whatever your type, success will be waiting on the steps when you come out of school.

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The Vital Truth About THIS PASSION CALLED LOVE

Why Do Most Wives Fail to Keep Their Husbands in Love? What Is the Secret of Attracting the One You Admire? Do You Know How to Make People Like You? What Should a Man Do to Captivate a Woman? How Can a Single Girl Attract the Man She Loves? How Can a Husband Keep His Wife a Sweetheart? What Makes Men Unfaithful? Can a Dying Love Be Revived? How Can Both Men and Women Remain Lovable Always, Regardless of Age?

ELINOR GLYN, famous author of "Three Weeks" and "The Philosophy of Love", has written a wonderful NEW book which fully answers these precious questions—and countless others even more vital to your happiness. "This Passion Called Love" is the title of her brand new book just published. It is not a novel—it is a priceless solution of the most perplexing problems of love and marriage, about which most of us know little and concerning which we should be so well informed.

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Do you know how a wife can keep her husband home nights? What are the results of "petting" and drinking? What do men do men love? Why do most people lose their charm at 30, when they still could be fascinating at 50? Would you like to be the kind of man women admire? Do you know how to do the things that captivate a woman? Will you win the girl you want—or will you take the one you can get? Do you know how to keep a woman in love? Do you know the little things that make a man like you?

What does the modern young girl do that disgusts and repels men? Why are some girls so unpopular? What are the three ways women may attract men? What should be done when the one you love becomes infatuated with someone else? Do you know how to choose a mate who will bring you lasting happiness? Do you know the cause of all this unrest and discontent in marriage? Are most people eager to enjoy your society—or are you generally a "wallflower"? Do you know how to make yourself attractive to a man? How to acquire manners that charm?

Vital Truths Everyone Should Know

In "This Passion Called Love", Elinor Glyn gives the answer to the most vital questions about love and marriage. She devotes a special chapter to petting, drinking, and other modern tendencies, and explains their peculiar effect on love. She

shows how love may be controlled, to bring lasting happiness. She tells the unmarried girl how to be attractive—the wife how to hold her husband's love. Shows women how to "manage" men, but not seem to. How to attract people you like. How to dress to please the opposite sex. She tells men how to keep women in love—warns women about the things that drive desirable men away—explains why most marriages end in indifference, disillusion, or despair. And best of all, she reveals the complete psychology of successful love, and gives countless fresh suggestions that should enable all men and women—both married and single—to find the divine happiness of perfect mating and to get more joy out of it than was ever dreamed of!

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You need not advance a single penny to get "This Passion Called Love". Simply fill out the coupon—or write a letter—and the book will be sent on approval. When it arrives, pay the postman only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. Then read the book from cover to cover, and if you are not more than pleased, simply mail it back and your \$1.98 will be refunded gladly.

Elinor Glyn's books sell like magic—by the million! "This Passion Called Love", being one of the most helpful books she has ever written, will be in greater demand than all others. Everybody will talk about it—everybody will buy it. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail



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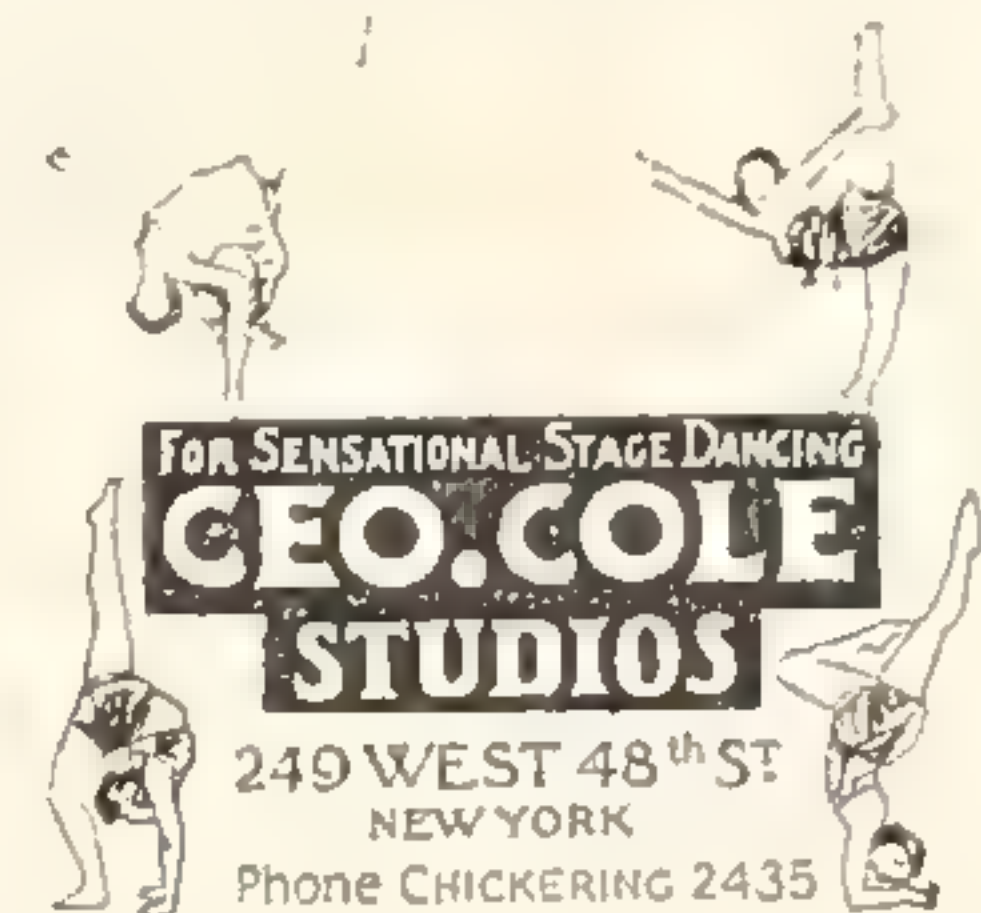
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When New York's Four Hundred Goes to the Movies

(Continued from page 17)

Plaza is apt to be good. They go. Broadway palaces may run the latest snappiest, the most elaborate of pro but it's the Plaza, tucked away in its corner, that ushers down its aisles the Social Register and Who's Who and V What and how much.

The Plaza is more than a theatre. rendezvous, a club, a social centre—a combination of the lounge at the Ritz, the room at the Ambassador, the dining at the Algonquin, and the Junior League a busy day. In the winter, along about o'clock of an afternoon, you'll see the son's smartest debutantes stroll in, as to their favorite parking-place, the first cony. There, in comfortable seats, their feet on the rail, the First Floor gossip, and giggle, and smoke their ettes for several hours at a time. A slowly gathers; by five o'clock the breeze resembles a select seminary for young —when teacher's out of the room.

watch the screen; they gossip some. Finally, they stroll out—it's tea time.

If serious-minded patrons prefer to concentrate solely on the screen, they are ways privileged to sit downstairs.

Many a gilded romance has begun in of the loges or the balcony. The debut their escorts regard the Plaza as a place to meet; and if they pay more attention to each other than to the picture the murals by the Hungarian artist, M which are the pride of the Plaza, is the difference? Movies make friends.

In the evening, about nine, the slowly fills with its regular patrons—of them dressed as for the opera. thirds of the audience come to see Mix, or Hoot Gibson, or Strongheart the same frame of mind and of clothes they set forth to hear Jeritza; except they have a better time!

Do they root for Hoot? I'll say the Wild and woolly westerns are their. Most of the Plaza's patrons own valuable horses and dogs. They adore Tom's and Strongheart makes them happy. theatre manager is besieged with questions about them. Will Strongheart's master They prefer westerns and comedies; race-track dramas to the "society" stuff they live every day—that is, with relations.

A stately dowager came to see five formances of "Blood and Sand" and on way out informed an usher that she witnessed the Valentino picture thirty-times altogether. She enquired wistfully it would be possible for her to see a photograph of the Latin lover. The gave her one from the lobby display she went away happy!

So often does the animated Social Register trot to the movies, the theatre is forced to change its program four times a week. The Broadway houses have weekly But the Plaza crowd comes to see a show whenever there is one. The theatre to buy season ticket books. The service use them for the early show; the matinee and the families appear later in the evening. Tuesday evening is recognized as service night; but often James and Jane are several times a week to report on the program. If it's good, along comes the word of the house. The butler often sits down



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ROY CARRUTHERS, President

stairs while his master is upstairs enjoying the picture and the comforts of a corona-corona. The butler, by the way, is often a severer pal and a keener critic of the picture.

He is probably not the frosty-faced individual the films would have us believe. He is often observed to smile—is, in other words, human; not the jerky marionette who figures in the screen's society dramas.

He comes back from the movies and reports that, in the film he has just witnessed, he counted no less than ten butlers. What is more, when the hostess pulled a bell rope, every one of the ten appeared, doing a goose-step on the way. Why, asks Hawtrey, must all the rich people in the movies live in houses which resemble the Grand Central Station or the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with a mixture of a Coney Island chop suey parlor? One would, he thinks, get lost in those vast, shadowy chambers, of which the ceilings are lost in space. Hawtrey, for one, would not care to buttle in such.

A simple little home dinner in the picture, according to Hawtrey, with only four in the family, is as sumptuously served as a state banquet. Why, the board actually boasted three different kinds of water. Dining room scenes, in fact, and especially in country houses, seem to be modelled along the lines of a Roman feast. The rich host is generally a confirmed roué, and to prove it he speedily becomes what is called cock-eyed on one glass of champagne and claps his hands for the entertainment to begin. Paper hats are passed around while chorus girls Charleston into the room—if you call it a room; Hawtrey thinks it looks more like a mausoleum.

Swimming pool parties also interest Hawtrey. These same devilish movie social leaders think nothing of turning their enor-



Little Loris Niblo entertains her aunt, Kathleen Bennett. Miss Bennett is a sister of Mrs. Niblo (Enid Bennett).

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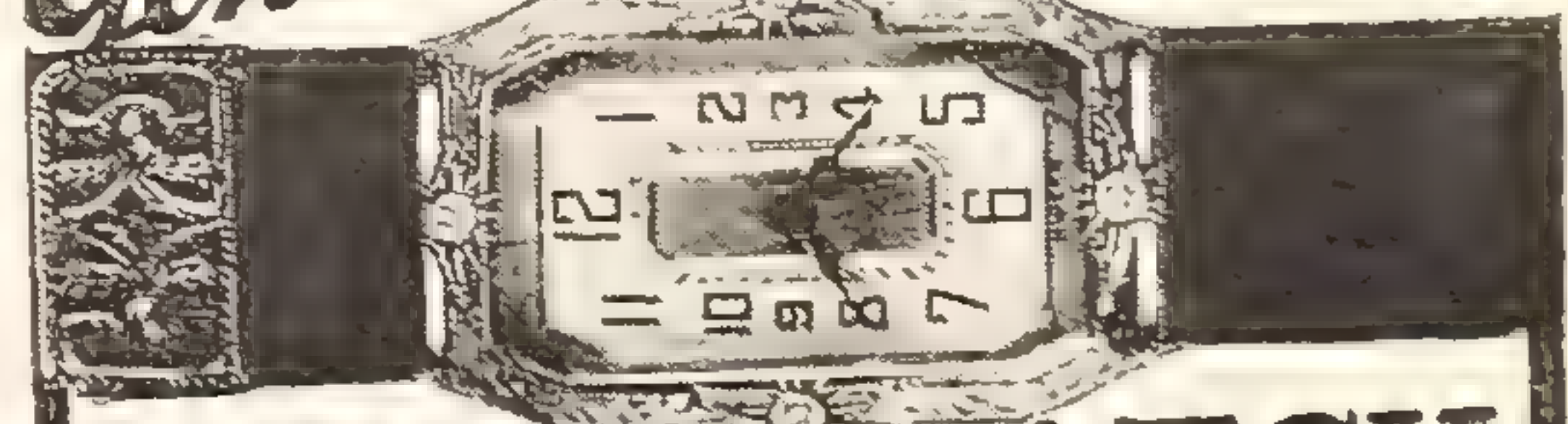
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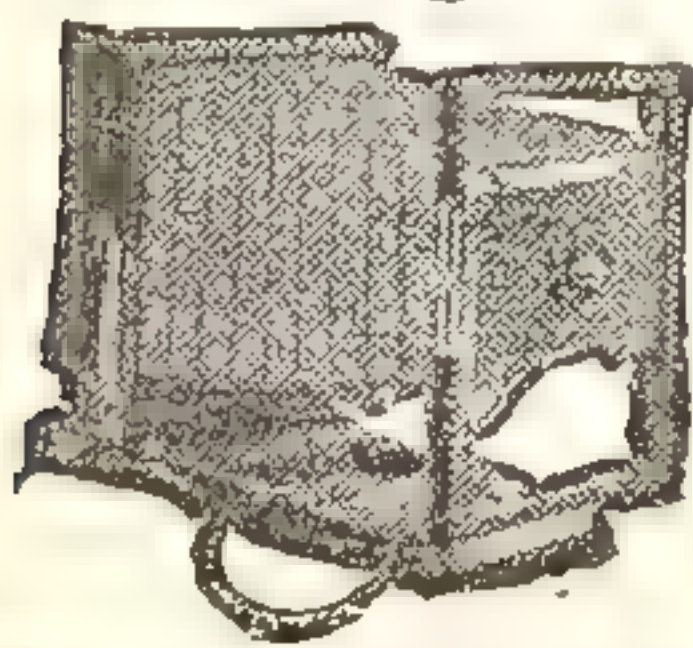
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Corinne Griffith scales the mountain tops with the same ease with which she climbed the ladder of success.

mous outdoor tanks over to their guests, come what will, and it usually does. Japanese lanterns illumine the pool; a chocolate-colored orchestra grinds out jazz. Strangely enough the guests, although presumably having come for the week-end, seldom trouble to change to bathing suits, but dive in with all their clothes on, often including aigrettes, with the men with moustaches after them. It is always the men with moustaches, observes Hawtrey, who do the dirty work. If there doesn't happen to be a pool on the palatial estate, a fountain will do; in fact, it has.

The behavior at these parties puzzles Hawtrey sometimes. Recently he saw a picture in which the hostess, overcome by the revelation of her husband's purple past, leaves the guests flat and goes to her room—a room which, with all due respect to the hostess, looks like a harem set—and stays there. And the worst was that her guests never missed her.

Then again, people at movie parties possess a peculiar talent for deep intrigue. They may be right in the middle of the dance floor, yet they can conduct a passionate love-scene, a bitter quarrel, or even a murder without the other dancers being in the least aware of it. Strange behavior in conservatories, in arbors, and on the stairs at screen functions is never noticed. Husband and wife may be parting forever, with wails and lamentations, but their well-trained guests resolutely look the other way. One film made a masquerade the scene of a touching interlude between host and hostess, in which she whispered into his ear something about little garments nestling in her sewing basket upstairs; and they went up to look at them.

Clothes? Don't let Hawtrey hear you.



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SCREENLAND'S
Poppers' Guide on page 92

Once on the subject of clothes, there's no stopping him. He moans and tears his hair. Sometimes in the middle of the night he says he wakes up in a cold sweat; he had been dreaming about the waist-coat worn by an actor playing a British baronet. What grieves Hawtrey most is the black spangled gowns affected by movie dowagers. He can't bear the sight of one any more.

He isn't so much worked up, of course, over his own clothes—that is, the clothes of the movie butlers. Hawtrey is far more interested in the manners and morals and make-ups of lords and ladies. But he will admit that the tricky French maid of the movies, with her super-short skirt, her high-heeled pumps, her jaunty little cap with the streamers, has the power to put his nerves on edge, and Hawtrey is not what you call a nervous type.

But of course, as he says, we don't go to the movies to see society, anyway. We get enough of that at home. Give us that dashing cowboy, Mr. Mix, with his wonderful horse; or give us Rin-Tin-Tin, Strongheart, or Rex; Chaplin; Harry Langdon; Raymond Griffith. Something with life in it.

And his employers feel pretty much the same way about it, except that they aren't so critical. They expect entertainment—diversion—relaxation at the Plaza; and they usually get it. If the film feature isn't so good, there is always the news-reel with the Prince of Wales, or Charles Evans Hughes, or some other celebrity they know; or there are those exciting comedies with lions let loose, or trained dogs, or horses. The movier the merrier!

The Plaza Theatre audience isn't hard to please. It's easy. It gives its applause freely and generously. Where a Broadway picture crowd will greet even a great star with half-hearted hand-claps, at the Plaza the enthusiasm is speedy, warm, genuine. The four hundred shows its appreciation by applause and sometimes huzzas. It is not ashamed to cry or cheer—even the time-honored race-track scene stirs. They're real fans.

When he's in town, Charles Evans Hughes goes to the movies. He sits in a loge and talks to the usher, who happens to be a member of the same fraternity as the distinguished diplomat! The ushers have even been invited to debutantes' dances; but so far they have not been known to accept; the debts might take advantage the next time they came to the theatre by insisting upon better seats.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen went to the Plaza when in New York. So did Grand Duke and Duchess Boris. Princess Cantacuzene, née Grant, also. The Vanderbilts, the Goulds, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Edith Bryce Cramm, and many others of American nobility are good customers. Among the aristocrats of art, there is the great composer-pianist, Rachmaninoff; the orchestra conductor, Walter Damrosch; John and Lionel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, Constance Binney, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt of stage and screen. One night when a Barrymore picture was playing, among the standees was none other than Ignace Jan Paderewski, a real fan when he can find the time.

As for the film's own four hundred, you will often see there such members as Norma and Constance Talmadge, Glenn Hunter, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ballin, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Hillier, Malcolm McGregor, and many others.

The admission is about the same any of us pay for our movies. When the Four Hundred pay at the Plaza ticket window, they know that, this time anyway, they're getting their money's worth!

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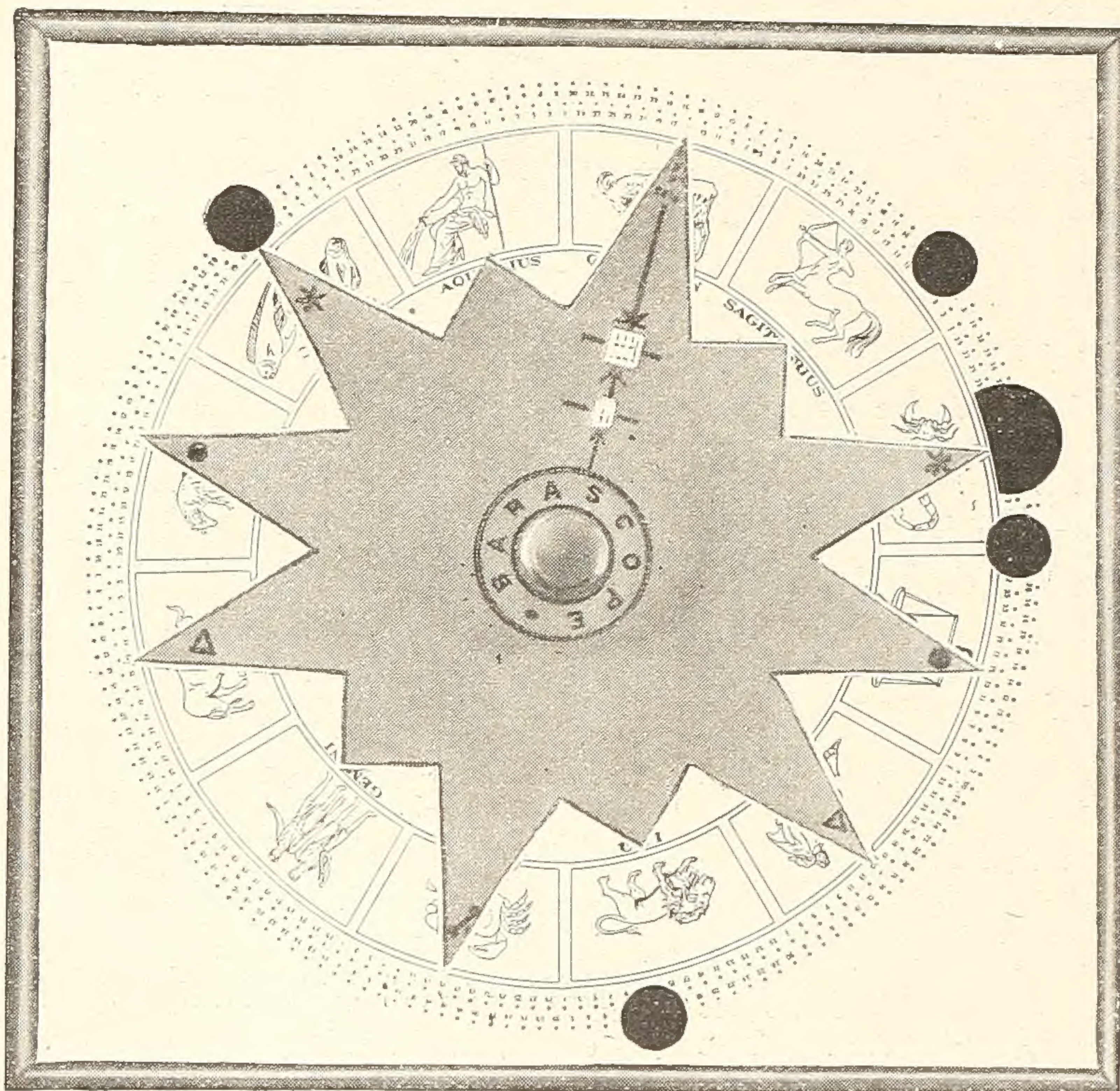


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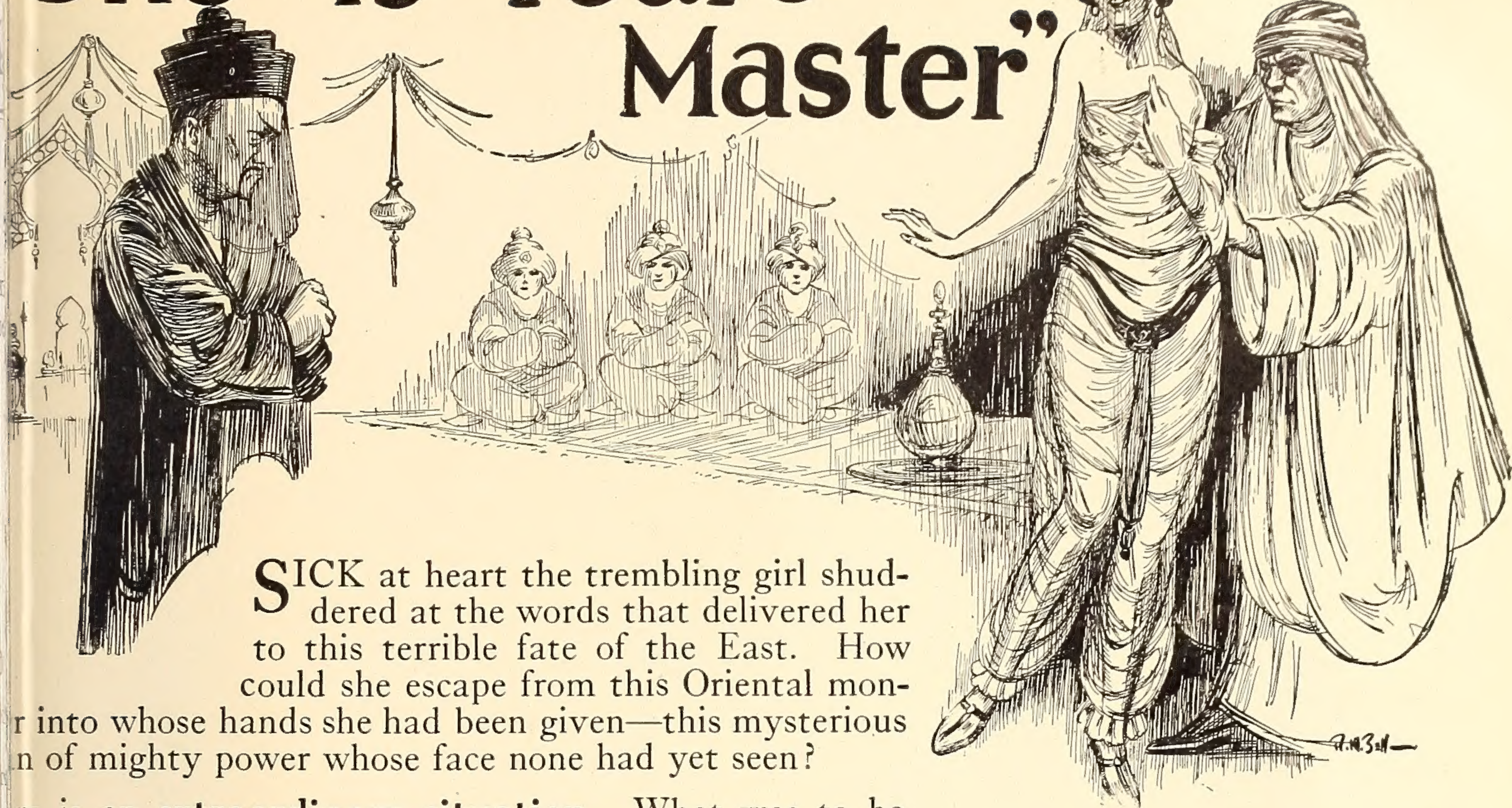
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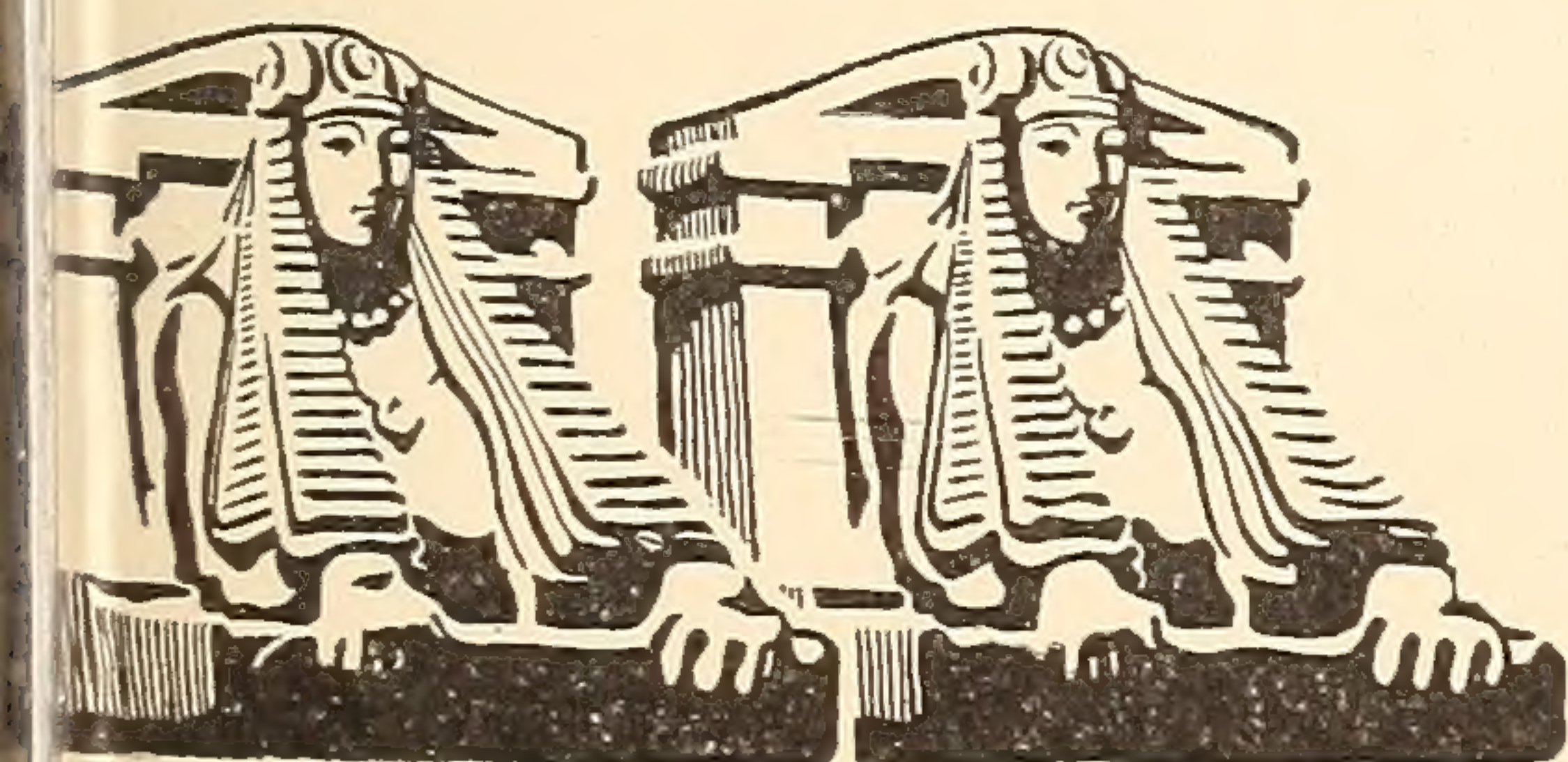
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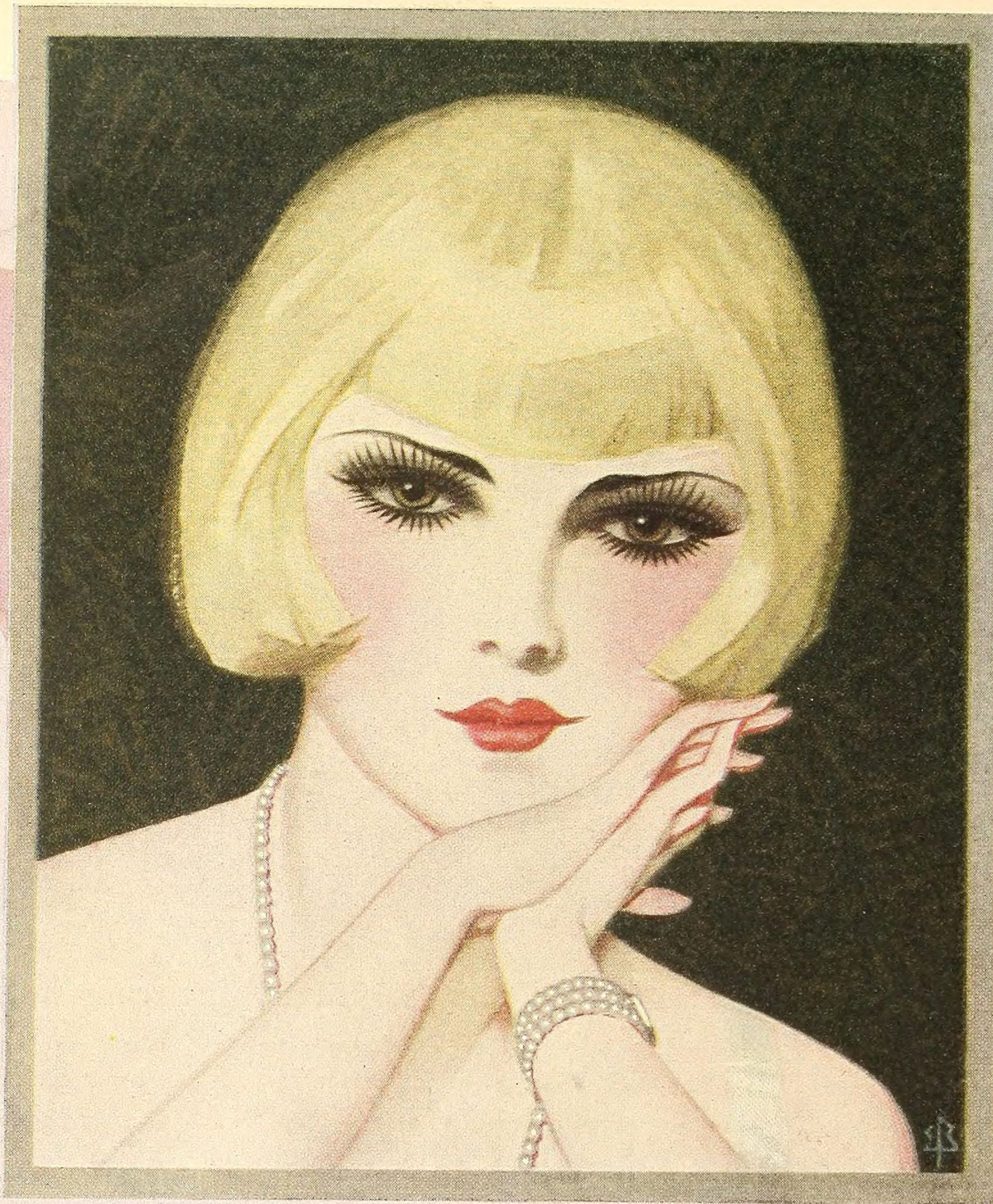
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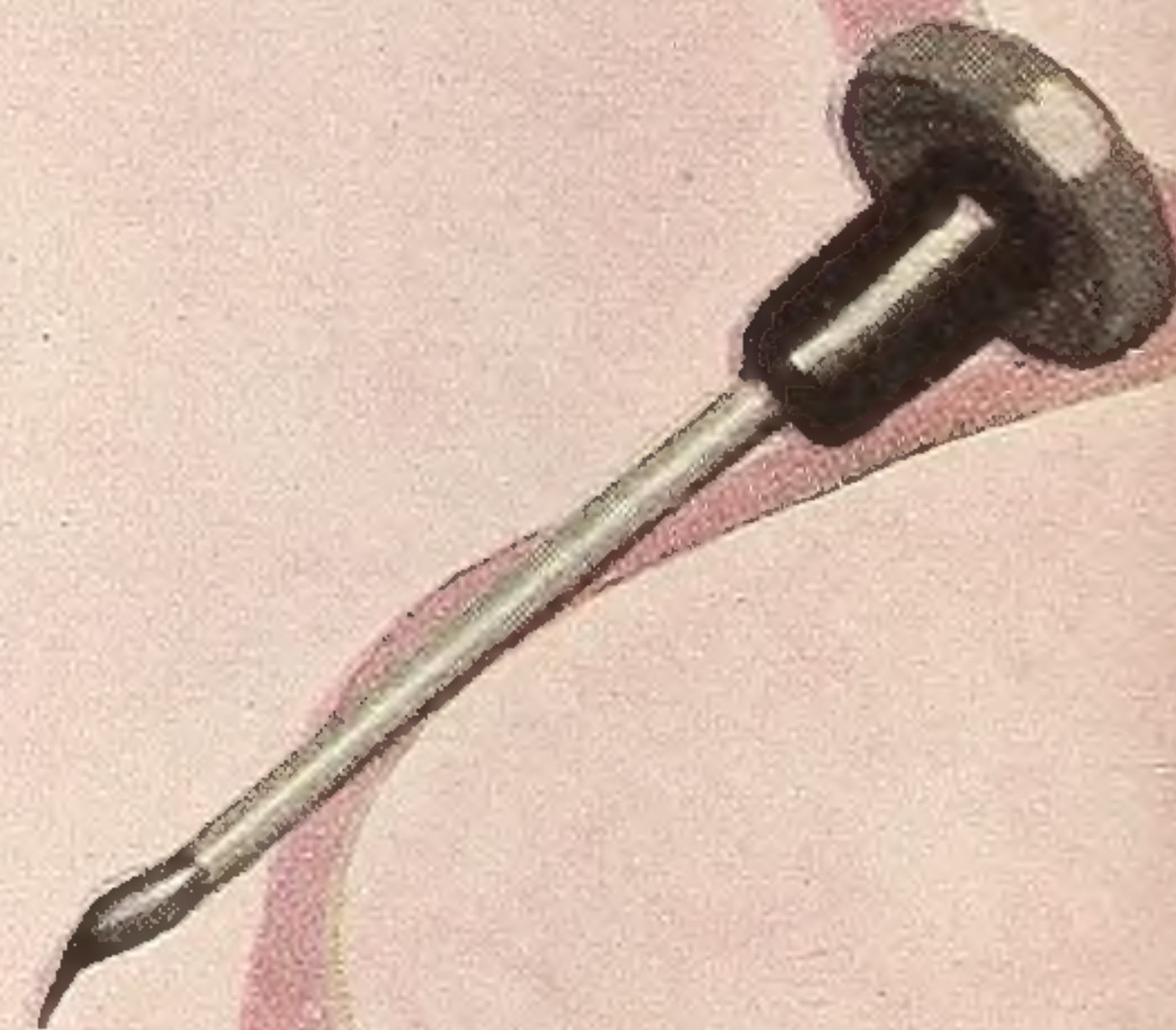
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